



"The Eagle"

.

Volume 10

June, 1942

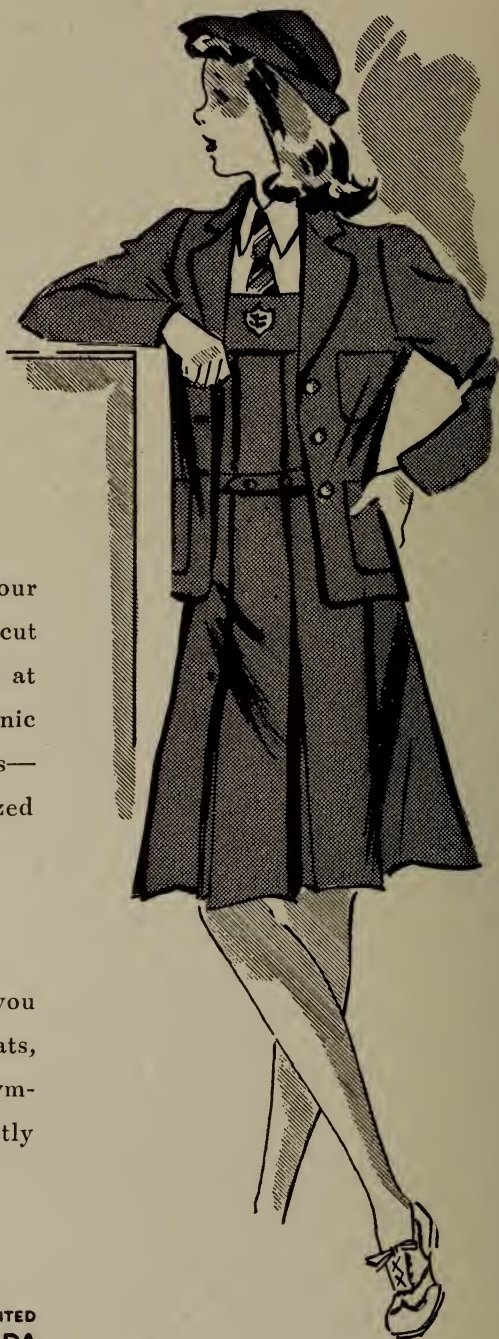
Come to
EATON'S
for
**Rupert's Land
Uniforms**

**Tailored to
Specifications**

You may depend on your uniform being correct in cut and color when you buy it at EATON'S. The Kent green tunic has deep, shape-keeping pleats—the blouse is of tan mercerized cotton broadcloth.



We're ready, too, to outfit you with blazers, berets, felt hats, stockings for school and gymnasium wear. All conveniently located on the *Fifth Floor*.



THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA



UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

UNITED COLLEGE

In affiliation with

THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

STUDENTS ARE OFFERED COURSES IN:

FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCE leading to the B.A. Degree and including pre-professional courses for: Commerce, Engineering, Law, Medicine, etc.

COLLEGIATE—Grade XI (Matriculation), Grade XII (Entrance to Second Year and Normal School).

FACULTY OF THEOLOGY—Diploma and B.D. Courses.

ADDITIONAL FACILITIES:

RESIDENCE for men and women.

STUDENTS' ACTIVITIES: Athletics, Debating, Dramatics, etc.

CENTRALLY LOCATED, LARGE CAMPUS, SKATING RINK.

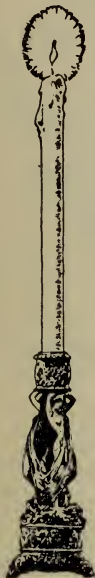
Correspondence is requested

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Compliments
of . . .

The Scottish
Co-Operative
Wholesale
Society Ltd.





PHONE
61 667

PHARMACY

PHONE
62 919

IS THAT SCIENCE WHICH TREATS OF
MEDICAL SUBSTANCES

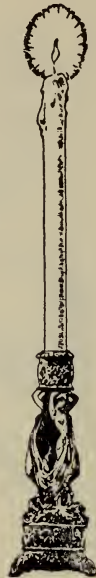
IT comprehends not only a Knowledge of
Medicine and the arts of preparing and
dispensing them but also their Identifica-
tion, Selection, Preservation, Combination
and Analysis—(REMINGTON)

*“Anything Pharmaceutical Unobtainable
Elsewhere”*

CARMAN RUTTAN

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTS

Pharmaceutical Research . . . Mineral Deficiencies . . . Skin . . . Rheumatism, etc.
Largest variety plant drugs in Canada.



AN EDUCATIONAL FUND

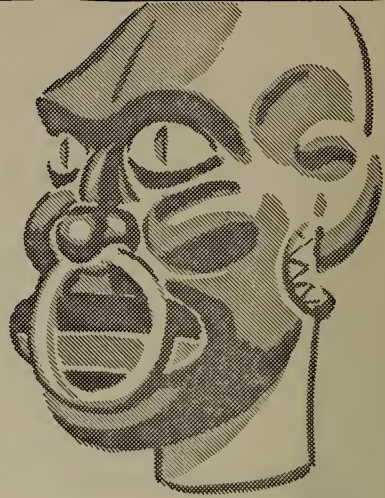
AMONG the many forms of insurance issued by the
Great-West Life there is one that provides for the
establishment of a fund to carry on the education of
children from school through college.

There are various ways in which this can be accom-
plished, and we cordially invite you to write us, or if
you prefer, to call us on the telephone and arrange for
a visit from one of our representatives, accustomed to
deal with such matters.

J. N. CONNACHER, Branch Manager

PHONE 96 144

THE **GREAT-WEST LIFE**
ASSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE . . . WINNIPEG



"JOE" SHARKSKIN

As featured in "Mayfair", the name "Joe" Sharkskin identifies the crease-resistant tropical fabric which Gerhard Kennedy has fashioned into cool ensembles of effortless grace. The flattery of clever color combination is yours....the practical comfort of English drape slacks, complemented by a long jacket-type shirt.

* *Celanese*



Operating Four Restaurants and Cigar Stand in Bus Depot
 FOR YOUR SPECIAL PARTY—SIX LARGE NIPS FOR FIFTY CENTS
 At all locations

Kennedy St. Bus Depot Portage & Smith Broadway & Osborne

Compliments of . . .

MUMFORD, MEDLAND, LIMITED,

ALWAYS CALL

MOORES TAXI

LIMITED

FOR

PROMPT

RELIABLE

SERVICE

Corner Donald and Graham

28 333

Compliments of

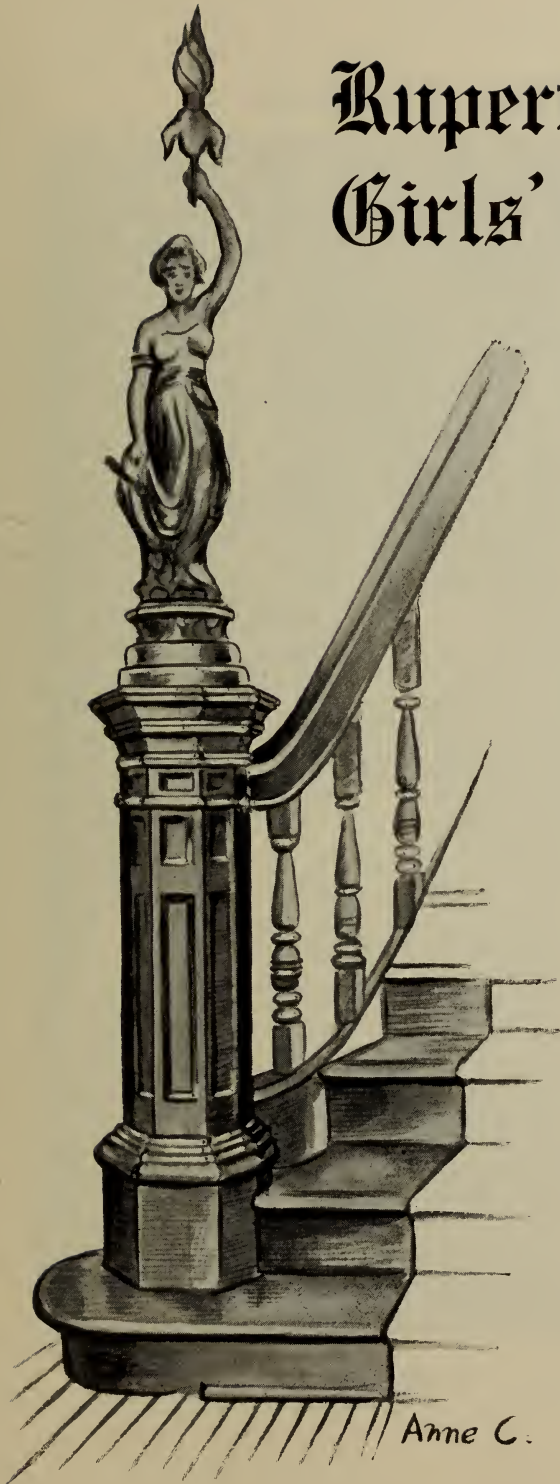
Harold A. Smith

CONTENTS



	Page		Page
School Council	14	"Alphabet of War".....	43
Her Majesty the Queen.....	15	Candid Camera Shots.....	44-45
School Calendar	16	Grades V and VI.....	46
Staff, 1941-1942	17	"These Things I Love".....	46
Council, 1941-1942	18	"A Dime"	46
Principal's Letter	19	Grade VII	47
Editorial	20	"Hindy and Jerry".....	47
The Head Girl.....	22	"My Voyage to Canada".....	47
House Notes—		"A Conversation Between a Garbage	
Dalton House	23	Can and a Salvage Box".....	48
Jones House	23	"The Geography Project of	
Machray House	24	Grade VII"	49
Matheson House	24	"Limerick"	49
Missions	25	"Torpedoed on the Atlantic".....	49
The School's War Effort.....	25	Grade VIII	50
"IF" Day	27	"Forty Winks"	50
Sports, 1941-1942	29	Grade IX	52
Ninth Company Girl Guides.....	31	"Canada"	52
Brownies	32	Grade X	53
Music, Dancing and Choral Speech.....	32	"When Springtime Comes".....	53
The Dramatic Competition.....	33	"Up in the Rigging".....	53
The Glee Club.....	35	"Prince Rupert"	54
Library Notes	35	"Carnival Time"	55
Literary Society Notes.....	36	Photography Competition	58-59
The Boarders	36	"Home-Coming to Shanghai".....	60
Initiation Day	37	"Mankind"	61
Home Economics	38	"His Last Duchess".....	61
The Kindergarten	39	"Good Neighbors"	62
"The Oriole"	39	"Morning on the Moor".....	64
Grades I and II.....	40	"A Dose of Realism".....	65
"A Snow Man"	40	"A Canadian Soldier Abroad Thinks	
"Topsy"	40	of Home"	66
"Gentleman Tom"	40	"Sweet ? Sixteen".....	66
Grades III and IV.....	41	"The Idiot"	68
"Leaves in Fall".....	41	Grade XII Graduates.....	69
"Snow"	41	Grade XI Graduates.....	73
"Pearlyheart's Adventure".....	41	Farewells	79
"Rivers"	43	Alumnae Association	79

Rupert's Land Girls' School..



Anne C.

•
“The Eagle”
•

Winnipeg, Man.

Volume 10

June 1942

SCHOOL COUNCIL

« «

HEAD GIRLKaye Milner
 SPORTS CAPTAINMargaret Tonkins
 VICE-SPORTS CAPTAINLola Marson

DALTON HOUSE

CAPTAINMarilyn McIvor
 PREFECTSBarbara Bonnick, Jocelyn Fisher

JONES HOUSE

CAPTAINShirley Claydon
 PREFECTSJoan Adamson, Anne Duffin

MACHRAY HOUSE

CAPTAINAnne Cunningham
 PREFECTSDorothy Petrie, Lillian Ruttan

MATHESON HOUSE

CAPTAINLola Marson
 PREFECTSMary Lou Bell, Isabelle Hamon

MAGAZINE STAFF

BUSINESS MANAGERSDorothy Petrie, Jocelyn Fisher
 EDITORS.....Norma Jukes, Anne Duffin, Lillian Ruttan

ADVERTISING COMMITTEE

CONVENERS: Isabelle Hamon, Lola Marson

Joan Adamson	Judy Hunting
Venetta Booth	Ainslie Lee
Georgina Booth	Dorothy Mac Longstaffe
Shirley Claydon	Pat Love
Anne Cunningham	Margaret Milner
Jocelyn Fisher	Phyllis O'Connell
Phyllis Goulding	Shirley Potter

ARTAnne Cunningham
 PHOTOGRAPHYKaye Milner
 HUMOURMary Lou Bell

FORM REPRESENTATIVES

Sheila Hawkings	Pat Liggins
Pat Gladstone	Betty Hurst



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

SCHOOL CALENDAR

1941-1942

« »

1941:		Feb.	3. His Grace, the Archbishop, read prayers and gave an address.
Sept.	10. School opened.		
"	30. Visit of Miss Flora Foster of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission.	"	14. Mission Tea.
		"	18. Noon Service at Holy Trinity Church.
Oct.	13. Thanksgiving Day holiday.	"	23. Noon Service at Holy Trinity Church.
"	15. Alumnae Association Annual Prayers.	"	25. Film: "Fur Rehabilitation in Northern Manitoba" shown by the Hon. J. S. McDiarmid, sponsored by Grade XII in aid of the Red Cross.
"	17. Initiation Day.		
"	30. Canon Patterson from Toronto read prayers and gave an address. Miss Anderson sang.	"	27. Bishop Keeler of Minnesota gave an address. Half holiday.
Nov.	1. All Saints' Day.	March	2. Noon Service at Holy Trinity Church.
"	3. Commemoration at St. John's College.	"	13. Alumnae Basketball Match.
"	10. Rev. T. J. Finlay read prayers and gave an address.	"	30. Gymnastics Competition.
"	11. Remembrance Day — School holiday.	"	31. Form Drill Competition.
"	14. Rev. R. B. Horsefield gave an address.	April	1. End of Term.
"	15. House Dramatic Competition—Mrs. John Craig adjudicated. Winner—Matheson House.	"	15. Summer Term began.
"	21. Alumnae Dance.	"	26. Youth Sunday Service.
"	28. Tea for parents.	"	29. Gymnastics and Dancing Display.
Dec.	5. Grades V, VI and VII held a sale in aid of the Red Cross.	"	30. Gymnastics and Dancing Display.
"	18. Christmas Parties.	May	7. Debate with Riverbend School.
"	19. End of Term.	"	15. Miss McDowall of the Winnipeg General Hospital gave the high-school a talk on Nursing.
1942:		"	25. Empire Day Holiday.
Jan.	7. Spring Term began.	"	26. Music Recital.
"	15. Rev. A. Harding Priest read prayers and gave an address.	June	6. Grade X Picnic.
		"	12. Prize-giving and Dance for Graduates.

STAFF 1941-1942



Back Row—Miss M. Gordon, Mrs. F. Rumbal, Miss N. Lucas, Mrs. A. B. Gillan, Miss A. C. Foster.

Middle Row—Mrs. E. Cook, Miss H. Herkes, Miss H. Armitage, Miss H. Ralston, Miss R. Dubois, Miss S. Turner, Mrs. T. C. Edwards.

Front Row—Mrs. J. Purdie, Miss E. Eldred, Miss F. B. Sharman, Miss E. M. Bartlett (Principal), Miss M. Faraday, Miss D. G. Bussell, Miss D. Jackson.

COUNCIL 1941-1942



Back Row—Shirley Claydon, Anne Duffin, Isabelle Hamon, Mary Lou Bell, Marilyn McIvor, Dorothy Petrie, Barbara Bonnick, Lola Marson.

Front Row—Lillian Ruttan, Anne Cunningham, Jocelyn Fisher, Kaye Milner (Head Girl), Joan Adamson Margaret Tomkins.

PRINCIPAL'S LETTER

My Dear Girls:

THE idea in the minds of your editors that this year "The Eagle" should be dedicated to the work and achievements of women seems to me a very happy one. That is why we have, at the beginning of this number, a photograph of our beloved Queen Elizabeth. What better focus could we have for our thoughts about women in our Empire than the gracious, sympathetic figure at its head? And the point I want to emphasize here is that while our Queen is the chief lady in our Empire, she is at the same time the mother in a real family, and in bringing up her two daughters she has given us an example that all would wish to follow. Wherever distress is great, there goes our Queen to suffer with and to cheer her people; no danger is so fearful that it can keep her from that course.

You girls, especially the older ones, are all thinking very hard just now, and wondering what you can do to help best in the great task that our country faces. Many fields are opening up which will take you into unusual work for girls, work in Navy, Army and Air Force, in factories as well as hospitals. And I know that many of you will go on to join those of our Alumnae who are already engaged in such ways. But we hope that these things will not have to be for very long. Then, what next? That is the question you are asking, and which it is impossible for anyone to answer fully.

There is, however, something which I want to say about the future. Whatever trials and difficulties you may go through, whatever tasks you may have to face, your real happiness will depend upon your usefulness. Do you remember one of our visitors this year giving two recipes? One was for a happy life, and this was contrasted with one for a most miserable existence. If you think you will sit back and take your ease or embark on all sorts of pleasures, then will you be most wretched; if you will exert all your powers to prepare yourselves to be useful and helpful to others, then you will know joy. Self-control, self-discipline, self-knowledge—these are things which make the unconquerable spirit which will fight ever for the right. And to gain these we must forget ourselves, and set ourselves to know God and to acquire a true Christian character. If we all do this, then we do not need to fear the outcome, either for ourselves or for our nation.

To all of you, those who have years of school still before you and those who will be passing on to other spheres so soon, I say this: Keep your ideals high, work hard and be of good courage. So will you be worthy citizens of your country and so will you find true happiness.



MISS E. M. BARTLETT

Yours affectionately,

ELSIE M. BARTLETT

EDITORIAL

« »

AS this school year draws to a close and I think back over the past months, I realize that together we have had a very successful and busy year. Some of our most outstanding events were: Our annual mission tea, our sports events, and the inter-house Dramatic Competition. The latter took the form of one act plays which were produced by girls, chosen by the members of the houses. It was a great deal of work for some of the girls, but all enjoyed themselves and it was a very successful evening. Our Christmas parties, so kindly given to us by the members of the staff, were lots of fun, and we all had a wonderful time.

One of the most impressive events of the year to my mind, was the "Youth Sunday Service" a day which is still very vivid in the minds of all the youth and adults who were in attendance. The gathering took place on Sunday, April 26th, in the Winnipeg Civic Auditorium, where all the high-schools of Greater Winnipeg were represented. Each school had one representative who sat on the stage behind or alongside the Rt. Honorable, the Earl of Athlone, Governor General of Canada.

His Excellency and Her Royal Highness Princess Alice honored the gathering by their presence, and His Excellency gave an inspiring message to the Youth of Winnipeg. The Rev. W. G. Martin, who was the guest speaker, took "All have their part to play," for his theme. His message was very sincere and to the point, showing clearly how we must develop our characters while we are young, in order to be the leaders of tomorrow. Other speakers, chosen from the high-schools, made short speeches about youth today and in the future. Throughout the programme the greatness and the close relationship of the United States and Canada was emphasized.

The United States joined Great Britain and her allies at war against Germany, Italy and Japan to fight for her freedom, and to preserve Democracy. The States, or "Our Cousins Across the Border," the name by which they are often referred to, also carry out youth organizations and meetings similar to our Youth Sunday Service gathering. One of these groups which is situated in Washington, D.C., sent us a message of hope wishing us every success in both our meeting and in our united fight for freedom. A similar message was sent from our gathering to the Youth of Malta, telling them to carry on and to keep up their marvellous defence.

Also present at the service were the school bands under the leadership of their own Cadet Corps. Since the beginning of the war the Canadian high-schools have organized a compulsory course in cadet training. Some schools have military drill, some rifle drill, and the latest addition is affiliated with the air force—the air cadets—in which branch the boys are taught mechanics and aeronautics as well as military drill. As yet there are no girls corps, but the girls are by no means idle, they have their Red Cross knitting and sewing to keep them busy, and also to aid the Red Cross which needs their support.

The orchestra, which was under the direction of Mr. Hubble, was made up of children from the high-schools of Greater Winnipeg. The orchestra accompanied the choir of boys and girls who sang "Worship" by John Greenleaf Whittier. The hymns which were sung by three thousand youth were patriotic ones, and to see such a large gathering singing from the bottom of their hearts gave me, and I am sure every other person present, a feeling of love, honor and loyalty for our country.

I was especially pleased and somewhat proud when I was given my place directly behind the Earl of Athlone. He probably did not even see me, but I am certain that I could relate almost every move that he made. One thing that I noticed in particular, was a gorgeous silk handkerchief that he used to clean off his glasses; it was a paisley pattern of sand and red, with a huge scarlet border. I thought to myself when I saw it that His Excellency must be a man who loves bright colors, and there he sat in a khaki uniform, void of any bright shades.

This year, with the coming of rationing and other things, we perhaps realize more than ever before that our country and homes are in great danger. Some of us have had very little taken from us, some have suffered a great deal, but I believe that we now know the graveness of the situation which is confronting us. Most of us have done our Red Cross duties, bought war stamps and helped out in other war projects, but we must realize that in order to win this war, we must do even more outside work. We may think that it is difficult for us to do both school work and war work, but knowing that our fellow countrymen are giving their lives for us, our task of doing school work and war work seems very small.

As Head Girl of Rupert's Land School I have had a very interesting and happy year. Some of my duties were new to me, but with Miss Bartlett's capable leadership and the helpfulness of the staff, the duties were soon made easier. I would also like to thank the prefects and girls who so earnestly and eagerly helped me in many ways. Being Head Girl is a wonderful experience, and has taught me many things. I would like to wish all the graduates the best of luck in their future positions in life. I know that the girl who is chosen as Head Girl for 1942-43 will have a wonderful year, full of a great many thrills, and I wish her every success there is. Here's wishing Good Luck, Happiness and Success to all Rupert's Land!

KAYE MILNER (Head Girl)

OBITUARY

With deep regret we record the death of Archbishop Matheson, one of the oldest and most interested friends of the School. For many years, until his retirement from office, he was Chairman of the Board of Rupert's Land School, and under his wise direction the school grew and prospered. After his retirement, he continued his support and help in many ways: each year he presented a Bible as a prize for Scripture and also a Scholarship in Matheson House, and his kindly interest in the winners was shown by personal letters to them.

His loss will be felt keenly by all who knew him, and Rupert's Land School will ever remember Archbishop Matheson as a sincere friend and generous benefactor.

THE HEAD GIRL

WE say goodbye in June to Kaye Milner who has been our Head Girl during the current year, and we thank her for all she has done for us in the many branches of school activities.

She has good executive ability which she displayed as secretary of the High School Congress, as Vice-president of the School Literary Society, and as Captain and Honorary Captain of Dalton House. Kaye has taken part in inter-school debates in which she has shown ability. She won her second Basketball team colors this year, and has played consistently on her House teams in basketball, tennis, badminton, volley-ball and deck-tennis, besides being a good gymnast and a skilful amateur photographer.



KAYE MILNER

As a member of Eaton's Junior Fashion Council, Kaye has had experience in modelling, commenting and window-dressing; she and her partner won first prizes for windows showing a girl's fall wardrobe, and the furniture and decoration of a girl's bedroom. Kaye intends to develop her talent in this direction, and to study the design, displaying and buying of women's clothes.

War-service has already claimed much of Kaye's leisure, as she has been a member of the Vitai Lampada group of the Winnipeg Women's Airforce Auxiliary. She hopes to play an even more active part in voluntary war-work in the future.

In character Kaye is blessed with plenty of level common-sense and practical ability, as well as an appreciation of the artistic, a warm heart and a sense of humor. She has a good deal of poise which makes up for a lack of inches, and is altogether a person who is likely to make for herself a very definite place in the world, and to fill it admirably.

We shall miss her next year, remembering her with affection and following with interest and pride her future which we hope will be both happy and prosperous.

S. LL. T.

HOUSE NOTES

DALTON HOUSE

PRESIDENT.....	Miss Turner
ASSOCIATES.....	Miss Herkes and Mrs. Purdie
HON. CAPTAIN.....	Kaye Milner
CAPTAIN.....	Marilyn McIvor
HOUSE PREFECTS.....	Jocelyn Fisher Barbara Bonnick
JUNIOR LIEUTENANTS.....	Gertrude Eland, Jocelyn Highmoor
SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN.....	Phyllis Goulding
JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN.....	Margaret Milner
SECRETARY-TREASURER.....	Murdina MacKay

THIS year has proved a very successful one for Dalton. We have also had the honor of having the head girl, Kaye Milner, as our Honorary Captain.

At the Annual Mission Tea, held on February 14th, Dalton and Matheson Houses again shared the dining-room making over seventy-five dollars between them. All the houses combined forces in the smaller efforts—a candy sale, selling ice cream, showing films, and fortune telling—and the plan worked very well.

Due to bad weather there was no inter-house sports day. However there was an inter-house Drama Competition which was initiated this year. Each house elected a producer who chose the play and her cast.

Our producer was Kaye Milner who chose Lord Dunsany's "A Night at an Inn." In this competition Dalton came third with 82 marks. Margaret Milner was commended for giving the best performance of a male part.

In sports the volleyball, basketball, and badminton games, and shooting competition were well supported as usual. In the badminton matches we came first, in the volleyball matches we came second, in the basketball third, and in the shooting competition fourth. However some of these were very close to the other houses for in the final aggregate of points for these sports we came in second.

Our work and conduct was quite good in the first two terms, for both times Dalton gained the most points for the term; however the school year is not yet ended, and the final result remains to be seen.

Also, on behalf of the girls, I should like to thank Miss Turner, Marilyn McIvor and Kaye Milner for their good work during the year, and to wish luck to next year's Dalton House.

Murdina MacKay,

(Secretary-Treasurer)

JONES HOUSE

PRESIDENT.....	Miss Bussell
ASSOCIATES.....	Miss Armitage, Miss Ralston
CAPTAIN.....	Shirley Claydon
PREFECTS.....	Joan Adamson, Anne Duffin
SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN.....	Ainslie Lee
JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN.....	Pat Gladstone
LIEUTENANTS.....	Irene Williams, Pat Love
SECRETARY-TREASURER.....	Venetta Booth

ANOTHER eventful year for Jones House has come to a close. At the opening meeting on September 11, 1941, we welcomed Shirley Claydon as our new House Captain. The House is very proud indeed of Shirley who has been a pupil at

Rupert's Land for six years. Last year Shirley was one of the Junior Lieutenants, and she has made great contributions to the advancement of the house.

The House Dramatic Competition was held on November 15th, and was a great success as we placed second. The following girls took part in the play:—Joan Adamson, Shirley Claydon, Irene Williams, Christine Bridgett, Venetta Booth and Edith Sanderson as prompter, with Anne Duffin as producer.

The Mission Tea was held on February 14th, in the school Assembly Hall. Jones and Machray Houses held their tables together and netted the sum of \$58.00.

Our sports this year have not been as successful as other years, but our deck-tennis and tennis games have yet to be played and we hope to be successful in them. The following girls took part in the games:—Shirley Claydon, Eithne Mills, Evelyn Murray, Ainslie Lee, Pam. Pilkie, Christine Bridgett, Monica Powell and Susi Eismann.

Providing the weather is fine we hope to hold our annual picnic for the House executive.

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to Shirley Claydon, who has worked faithfully throughout the past year. Our best wishes also go to our dependable president Miss Bussell and to her associates Miss Ralston and Miss Armitage, for their help to us throughout the past year. To all our members we wish the very best of luck in the future.

Venetta Booth,

(Secretary)

MACHRAY HOUSE

PRESIDENT.....	Miss Foster
ASSOCIATE.....	Miss Gordon
HOUSE CAPTAIN.....	Anne Cunningham
PREFECTS.....	Lillian Ruttan, Dorothy Petrie
SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN...	Margaret Tomkins
JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN.....	Mary Bays
JUNIOR LIEUTENANTS.....	Dorothy Mae Long- staffe, Shirley Potter.
SECRETARY.....	Jane Grimble



WHEN school reopened last September, Machray House found that many of her members had left; those of us who remained waited anxiously to see which of the new girls would take their places. Finally the list was posted—sixteen new members. What would they think of us and we of them? As the months have passed we have learned the answer to the latter half of the question—they are a great asset to the house and we are glad to have them. (If you are curious regarding the other point you will have to ask the girls themselves.)

Close co-operation and willingness to put the House first have characterized the year's activities. In September we had a get-together picnic at Assiniboine Park,—that was for fun; our later efforts, although they brought us enjoyment, were for serious purposes. In November, at the House Drama Festival, Machray girls directed by Dorothy Petrie, produced "The Bishop's Candlesticks." At the Mission Tea everyone worked so whole-heartedly that a smoothly efficient service resulted. In sports our new-comers, together with the old timers, have managed to improve the quality of our performance so that we were second in the House Basketball Competition; altogether we have had a satisfactory year.

Now, at the end of the term, what can we who stay say to the girls who go? Just this: "We liked having you with us, we give you our best wishes, and we shall try to carry on so that you will always be proud to say that you were in Machray."

Jane Grimble,

(Secretary)

MATHESON HOUSE

PRESIDENT.....	Miss Sharman
ASSOCIATES.....	Miss Dubois, Miss Eldred
CAPTAIN.....	Lola Marson
HOUSE PREFECTS.....	Mary Lou Bell, Isabelle Hamon
JUNIOR LIEUTENANTS.....	Judy Huntting Elizabeth Officer
SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN.....	Laurel Bell
JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN	Sheila Smith

SECRETARY.....	Norma Jukes
TREASURER.....	Lois Cuff



THIS year has been a very successful one for Matheson. It has been a year full of fun and happiness and keen competition in which we have all participated.

Although there was no Sports Day this year Matheson still stands at the top in

the inter-house sports competitions with 232 points. We came first in the volleyball and basketball, second in badminton and third in the shooting competition for the middle school. Of course we are eagerly awaiting the tennis and deck tennis matches.

Matheson has been successful along other lines too. Our play "Thirty Minutes in a Street," produced by Lois Cuff, won the dramatic competition with 85 marks; Sheila Hawkings was selected as the best actress. At the Annual Mission Tea, Dalton and Matheson shared the dining room and made a very substantial sum.

Ruth Thompson won the scholarship last June, awarded by Archbishop Mathe-

son to the girl of outstanding merit and sportsmanship.

Matheson House had an executive breakfast party and a picnic in May which were well attended.

As the year closes we are all firmly resolved to raise our conduct to the level of our sports and school work, as we hope to win the shield back for Matheson.

In conclusion, on behalf of the house I would like to thank Miss Sharman, Miss Eldred, Miss Dubois, Lola Marson and our executive for their unceasing work on behalf of the house, and to wish all Matheson graduates the best of luck in the future.

Norma Jukes,
(Secretary)

MISSIONS

EACH year, as Rupert's Land Girls' School grows one year older, more fortunate new comers find themselves within her friendly walls. It is indeed this good fortune which prompts us to wish to share it with others, and we feel that we can best do this by lending a helping hand to the Church Missions. Each year we are able to raise a fair-sized fund which we donate, partly to the Missions at home, partly to missionary work abroad. We keep an Indian girl in school in far off India, and maintain a cot in a hospital in that same country. Each year we receive

a letter addressed to "The Madam Sahib" from our Indian protegee "Nanu Marya Shirsat."

This year at our Annual Mission tea we raised \$156.69, \$125.00 of which has already been sent off to India and to the Sunday School by post.

It seems a fitting conclusion to quote the words of Marya Shirsat with which she closed her letter.

"May God bless you, in all your work, and guard and protect you."

Marilyn McIvor.

THE SCHOOL'S WAR EFFORT

Report of Junior Red Cross Society Work
Sept., 1941 - May, 1942

PERHAPS the most important work done by the Junior Red Cross this year has been the knitting which has been accomplished; 41 lbs. of wool have been used in making scarves, sweaters, socks, wristlets, mitts, children's sweaters and aero caps. In addition to this, wool has been contributed for making afghans, eight large and two small ones. A lot of work

has been done for refugee babies, including the making of bonnets, booties, mitts, jackets and two complete layettes. Also 10 kitbags for the children in Britain were made and filled.

Each grade has made some effort to raise money for the Red Cross. Grades V, VI and VII had a very successful bazaar on December 5th which realized \$46.00 for

Grade VII and \$47.55 for Grades V and VI. Grade VII also had a doughnut sale which brought in \$7.50.

Grade VIII made and sold Christmas cards, and considering the rapidity with which they were sold, they must have been popular. This raised the sum of \$7.33.

Grade IX had candy sales (always popular!) which brought in a total of \$10.75.

Grade X had two successful sales: the first was of home-made Victory pins which brought in \$8.20; out of this they paid for two blankets made from wool they collected; contributed towards a Christmas hamper, and sent the balance, \$4.70 to the Red Cross. They also had a sale of blotters bearing the school crest, which brought in approximately \$12.00.

Grade XI has been making baby garments at their weekly sewing bees.

Grade XII made an afghan and basket ball badges, and are making school pennants. At the end of February these girls arranged for the showing of a moving picture in colors, "Fur Rehabilitation in Northern Manitoba," lent by the courtesy of the Department of Mines and Natural Resources, and shown by the Hon. J. S. McDiarmid himself. This made \$10.20,

bringing the total for Grade XII up to \$22.19.

The whole school has also supplied wool scraps and paid for the making of two blankets.

I think Grades V and VI deserve special mention for the original idea of dividing their grade into three sections, the Army, the Navy and the Air Force. These groups compete to see who can collect the most salvage, tin foil and war-savings. They are to be congratulated on having done a great deal for the Red Cross.

The children of Grades I and II have been making an afghan with the help of their mothers and grandmothers, and are now preparing to sew it together. From September to May 1st they collected 46 pounds of silver paper, as well as tooth paste tubes and other miscellaneous articles.

Altogether 1941-1942 has seen much good work done for the Red Cross Society, and we hope to see even more and better work done in the future.

Sheila Hawkings,
(President of Grade X
Red Cross Society Branch)

WAR SAVINGS

From September 1941 to May 6th, 1942, a little over \$1,000 was invested in War

Savings by the girls in the school.

SALVAGE COLLECTION

THIS year Grade XII supervised the salvage collection for the school. In September Dorothy Petrie was elected head of the salvage committee, with Margaret Stovel, Murdina MacKay, and Betty Speed as assistants.

At Christmas Margaret Stovel left the school due to ill health, and Dorothy Petrie succeeded her as prefect. Consequently, to help the two remaining girls, Monica Powell and Nan Pain volunteered for the Easter Term. Murdina and

Monica weighed the salvage one week, while Betty and Nan did it the next.

To keep the salvage as compact as possible, Miss Bartlett provided four big bins in which the salvage could be kept. Dorothy also made labels for them so the girls would place their salvage in the respective bins and thus facilitate the weighing.

Every second week the salvage was weighed before being collected by the City Collectors. If you happened to go down

to the common room or chemistry laboratory at such a time you would have seen one of the girls balancing one of the bins on the bathroom scales while another was standing on her head, vainly trying to see where the arrow rested.

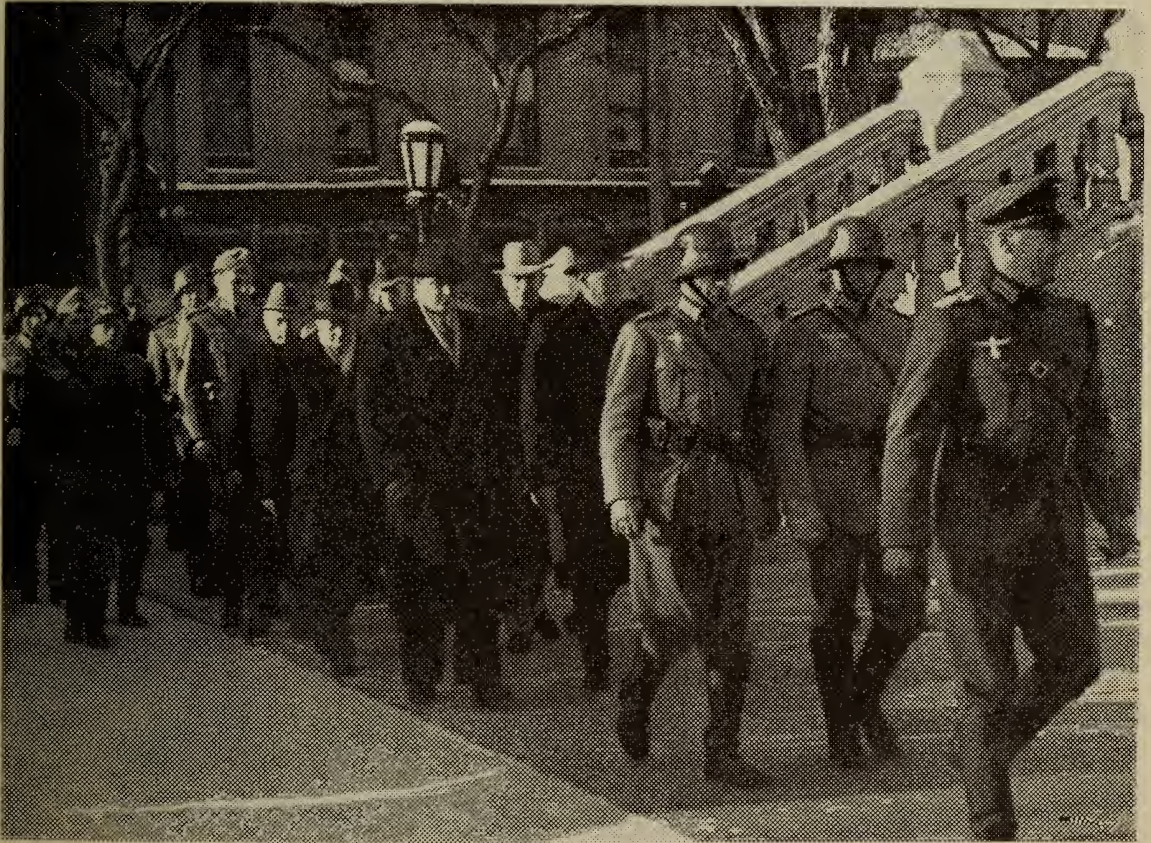
The salvage was collected from the school only during the Summer Term as it was being collected from the day girls' homes individually.

For the two terms the approximate amount of salvage collected was:

Paper	1133 lbs.
Cardboard	469 lbs.
Magazines	223 lbs.
Rubber	52 lbs.
Rags	24 lbs.
Bottles	436 lbs.
Miscellaneous	110 lbs.

Betty Speed

"IF" DAY



"IF" DAY in Manitoba was set apart in the Victory Loan Campaign to bring home to citizens what could happen here IF — IF we at home lost the war through failure to subscribe to the Victory Loan.

The money raised was to put the weapons of war into the hands of the Canadians who are even now in the front line defence. Thursday, February 19th was a red letter day for Winnipeg.

To bring the situation home forcibly to our citizens, Winnipeg was invaded by an imaginary enemy. Thousands of our troops were manning defence posts on the outskirts of the city, trying in vain to ward off the overpowering enemy. Our street lights had been turned out in anticipation of an air raid. Many families ate their breakfasts in darkness that morning as blackout regulations were in force. Eerie sirens wailed, guns boomed in the distance and gas bombs exploded; Winnipeg citizens knew the horrors of an invasion.

Driving to school in the morning I had an excellent view of the day's activity—sand bags were piled high in front of store windows, some stores faked a wrecked building, while soldiers were grouped on street corners. Mounted police stopped street cars to inspect the occupants' registration cards; tear gas bombs exploded right under street cars and automobiles. All this rehearsed action was very effective but aroused an unrehearsed fear in the hearts of the citizens.

The radio played a prominent role in the promotion of the campaign. Bulletins in the form of communiques broadcast at ten minute intervals during the invasion described events as reported to military headquarters. With each communique an appeal was made on behalf of the Victory Loan pointing to the responsibility of every citizen to subscribe to the Loan. Besides all this a play illustrating school under Nazi rule was broadcast to all school children in their classrooms. German orders and commands were relayed by radio to the would-be-anxious people.

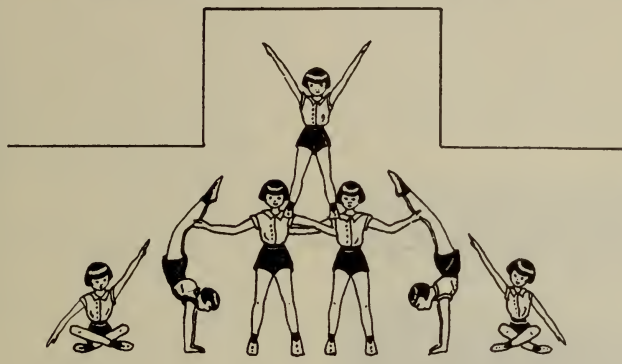
When the city was officially taken the Nazi troops swarmed to the City Hall, arresting such prominent men as Mayor Queen and his Council who played their part perfectly, looking as if the end had come. The Storm Troopers raided the public libraries destroying and burning all anti-Nazi reading material ruthlessly. Pillaging did not stop at that, but churches such as All Saints' were closed and officials taken into custody. The Germans raided St. Mary's School, draping the swastika ominously over the desk and erasing patriotic passages on the blackboards. People eating in restaurants were forced to give up their places and lunches to the Nazi soldiers. Thus would the German aggressors pre-empt all civilian privileges.

Striking posters and transfers on the street cars caught my attention for they were written in German. In the stores employees handed me German Reich marks with my change; even the lid on my milk bottle was written in German. The uniforms of the Storm Troopers were correct in every minor detail which influenced my realization of Hitler's powerful scheme.

These illustrations and others made Manitobans conscious of their duty toward Canada's second Victory Loan. "If" Day impressed on the majority of us the objective for which we are fighting and the urgency of our war needs. We all know the value of Democracy which is at stake in the World War today. "If" Day impressed on all of us the horrors and danger of a war at home.

Lillian Ruttan,
(Grade XI)

SPORTS 1941-1942



TENNIS

WE began the season with the Junior Tennis Tournament which was played by girls fourteen years and under. Martha Grimble and Daphne Goulding were the finalists and after a good game Daphne succeeded in holding the title of Junior Champion which she won last year.

Last year's Senior Tennis Tournament was again won by Jean Sellers after a good game with Monica Mackersy.

This term we have not yet started the House matches.

Unfortunately, due to bad weather, we were not able to hold our Annual Sports Day in the fall.

BASKETBALL



FIRST TEAM

This season has not been quite as successful as previous ones, but all the girls

have shown great enthusiasm and the team players have co-operated well together. Results of the games as follows:

1st Team—

Friday, Nov. 21, vs. Riverbend (away)
—won 4-2.

Friday, Feb. 13, vs. St. Mary's (home)
—won 22-12.

Friday, Mar. 6, vs. St. Mary's (away)
—won 18-5.

Friday, Mar. 20, vs. Riverbend (home)
—won 20-9.



SECOND TEAM

2nd Team—

Friday, Nov. 21, vs. Riverbend (away)
—won 13-2.

Friday, Feb. 13, vs. St. Mary's (home)
—won 23-9.

Friday, Mar. 6, vs. St. Mary's (away)
—lost 14-16.

Friday, Mar. 20, vs. Riverbend (home)
—won 18-10.

On Friday evening, March 13, the 1st and 2nd teams played two teams of the Old Girls for the Clark Cup. The 1st team was victorious, the score being 19-14. The 2nd team lost 11-13, after a very strenuous game.



JUNIOR TEAM

Junior Team—

Wednes., Dec. 3, vs. Riverbend (away)
—lost 2-22.

Friday, Feb. 27 vs. Riverbend (home)
—lost 9-22.

There was no St. Mary's Junior team this year, so the Juniors played only two matches.

Matheson again won the House Basketball Competition, obtaining 32 points.

Grade XI won the inter-form basketball competition.

The shooting competition this year was inter-house and 40 girls from Grade IX down took part. Jones came top with 28 points.

VOLLEYBALL

The competition was won by Matheson House with 95 points.

BADMINTON

Three couples from each house participated in the matches. The games were very close and after a hard fight Dalton came top with 82, Matheson second with 81.

GYMNASTIC COMPETITION

This was held on Monday, March 30, and Mrs. Muir and Mrs. Kobald were the judges. The results were:

Senior Cup—Margaret Tomkins.
Intermediate Cup—Sheila Smith.
Junior Cup—Helen Sweet.
Midget Cup—Joan Everett.
Grade I & II—Denis Jones.

PHYSICAL TRAINING COMPETITION

This was held on Tuesday, March 31. The judges were Mrs. Muir and Mrs. Kobald. Results:

Grade X	88.25
Grades XI & XII	88.87
Grade IX	86.62
Grade VIII }	85.62
Grade VII }	
Grade V & VI	82.25
Grade III & IV	78.12

The Gymnastic and Dancing Display which was held on April 29th and 30th, with the majority of girls in the school taking part, was a great success.

Margaret Tomkins,
(Sports Captain)

Found on an English exam. paper:
Question: What is the opposite of Malevolent?

Answer: Femalevolent.

There was a little boy who when arriving home from his first time at Sunday school went to his mother and said:

"Mummy, we learnt about a cross-eyed bear named Gladly."

His mother said, "At Sunday school?"

The little boy answered, "Yes, we sang 'Gladly the cross I'd bear.'"

An old negro minister was preaching to his congregation about hell.

He said, "Brethren, there will be weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth."

One member of the congregation exclaimed, "I hab no teeth!"

The minister replied, "Brudder, de teeth will be provided."



THE
NINTH
COMPANY
GIRL GUIDES

CAPTAIN	Miss Graham
BLUEBIRD PATROL:	
LEADER	Mary Tomkins
SECOND	Ruth Thompson
SHAMROCK PATROL:	
LEADER	Margaret Tomkins
SECOND	Winona Ross
RED ROSE PATROL:	
LEADER	Anne Duffin
SECOND	Amy Best

THE past year has been another eventful one for the Ninth Guide Company. We welcomed a number of new members: Gwen Fowell, Anne Edmond, Kirsten Anderson, Christine Bridgett, Margaret Killick and June Sinden, also Aileen Dickenson, Marianne Burwood, Ruth Stiles and Valerie Dadd, all of whom came to us from England.

Early in the first term the whole company went on a picnic to River Avenue Park. We had a very enjoyable afternoon and evening, playing all sorts of games, and ending up by eating our picnic supper. The day was such a success that we had another expedition later when we went on a hike and wiener roast on the river bank, when Madam Rooke visited us.

A great deal of work was accomplished during the year by the company, a number of tenderfoot tests and second class badges being won. Many proficiency badges were also gained, including the laundress', knitter's, book-lover's, child-nurse, cook's and

needlewoman's tests. Some first class tests were attempted and passed by some of the members.

Just before Christmas our company took part in the National Guide effort to sell cookies for war charity. Each of us sold quite a number of boxes, and between us we made a considerable sum.

At Christmas we prepared and sent a hamper as usual to a poor family. Besides food the hamper contained clothes and toys for each child, and we hope it contributed to their happiness this year.

Each patrol made a complete outfit including skirt, sweater, socks, cap, mitts and pyjamas for a young Brownie in Britain. When we entered them for the competition in March, we were delighted to find that we had been awarded honorable mention.

Mary Tomkins, senior patrol leader, won her gold cord, bringing great honor to the company. The cord was presented at a ceremony in the Christmas term when the enrollment also took place. Members of the staff, guides and the guides' parents were present at the ceremony, and refreshments were served afterwards. We are all very proud of Mary who has been a member of our company for a long time, contributing a great deal to its achievements.

Unfortunately our captain, Miss Graham, had to leave at the beginning of the summer term on account of ill health. We shall all miss her greatly, for Miss Graham has been our captain for several years, and anything we have achieved has been due to her. We all wish her the best of luck in the future. Fortunately we hope to have as our new captain Miss Joan Macaw, an Old Girl and gold corder. We would like to extend thanks to Miss Faraday who has given up a great deal of her time to training us for badges and testing.

We have done a good year's work and hope to do still better next year, always remembering that a good guide should, like her motto, "Be Prepared."

Anne Duffin

BROWNIES

*Frame your mind to mirth and merriment
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens
life.—Shakespeare*

BBROWNIES continue to interest many of the children between the ages of eight and eleven. Tuesday afternoon about three-thirty, Brownies may be seen running here and there, gathering their treasures and bringing them to their "Six Corners." They arrange their own special homes, exercising self-expression and bringing magic into the pack. Brown Owl calls "Tuwhit, whit, whit!" and every one comes running to form a fairy ring around the Toadstool where all solemn ceremonies are performed and there centers the Brownies' loyalty to the pack.

During the year new Brownies called Tweenies have been enrolled and are now eagerly passing tests; they are Beverley Wilcox and Irene Morrison. Mary Lou Sime is now a Second Class Brownie, and we are very happy to have her with us, also Shirley Womersley who transferred from the Tuxedo pack. Rosemary Horsefield received her second class some time ago, and Paddy Clarke, Joanna Hollenberg and Ruth Simonds will qualify for the Golden Bar in two weeks time.

Gail Florence, Barbara Moorhouse, Ann Drew, and Joan Everett are almost ready for the Golden Hand Test, and then these excellent little Brownies will be ready to fly to Guides.

Shortly after Christmas we said good-bye to Helen Belcher who with her family has left to make her home in Montreal. At her last pack meeting Helen was presented with her Second Class Badge, the "Golden Bar." We miss her very much as she was a real Brownie and was loved by all.

We have all missed Mrs. Headlam's helpful presence this year, but hope to see her with us soon again. Brown Owl and the Brownies wish to thank Mrs. D. C. Brooking, our Tawny Owl, most sincerely for all she has done for us this year. We do hope she will be back to share next year's adventures.

We are indeed very sorry to lose Mrs. Rooke from our district, as she was always most helpful and considerate, but we know that District Number Nine has been re-adjusted in the new divisional distribution, and in that way Rupert's Land School has been allotted to a new district. We are very happy to welcome Mrs. J. H. McDonald as our new Divisional Commissioner, and will look forward to her inspiring visits.

We shall soon close our pack meetings, for summer vacation is not far off, and each little Brownie may sing:

We all have worked, we've had some fun,
Now our Brownie meeting's done;
Now we've finished everything,
So good-bye we all must sing.

E. R. Purdie

MUSIC, DANCING AND CHORAL SPEECH

MUSIC

THE main activities of the music students at school this year have been the Studio Club meetings, the Recital, and the piano and theory examinations. The first of the studio gatherings was held in the drawing-room of the school in November, the second one at Dr. Hollenberg's home in February, and the third one at Mrs. Womersley's in May. At these meetings all the students performed. The May recital was the main event of the

year at which most of the pupils performed. During the year many of the students prepared for examinations of the Toronto Conservatory of Music and the Royal School of Music which took place in February and June.

The senior singing class at school was very large this year. For the first term we had Mr. Gibson who, however, left a few weeks before the end of term to join the Royal Canadian Air Force. During this time some of the girls sang in the

choir at the St. John's Commemoration Service in St. John's Cathedral. Since the New Year we have had Mr. Hubble who trained the girls for the May Recital.

Murdina MacKay,
(Grade XII)

DANCING

THIS year there have been three dancing classes instead of two—junior, intermediate and senior. The junior class has gained an appreciable number of pupils who have worked on simple technique, preparing two group dances for the display in April. The intermediate class members have improved their movements throughout the year, and have attempted one dance which interpreted music by Delius. The seniors have worked well and given two dances which showed precision of time and variety of force in movement.

Phyllis O'Connell,
(Grade X)

CHORAL SPEECH

CLASSES in speech training have formed part of the school course in Grades V to IX this year, with the aim of improving the standard of speaking and reading in these Grades. The work has been taken up with enthusiasm, and some promising talent has been revealed.

Grades V & VI have delved into a hoard of short imaginative verses collected under the title "Silver Pennies," varying in subject from "Night Magic," "Velvet Shoes" and "Queen Anne's Lace," to "The Turtle," "Strange Tree" and "Windy

Nights." Latterly the two Grades have divided, Grade VI turning to longer lyrical poems such as Allingham's "Up the Airy Mountain," while Grade V revelled in humorous verse.

Grade VII have some practice in lively narrative verse, and have aimed at obtaining variety of tone as well as clear-cut words. After beginning with some unison work they went on to two-part poems, and then to dramatic poems comprising solo parts and a refrain.

In Grade VIII the year's work has consisted of acted and mimed ballads—ranging from "King John and the Abbot" to Kipling's "Ballad of East and West"—and a short lay, "King Arthur," taken from the Grade reading book. The class have tried to sustain the regular, swinging rhythm of the ballads, and to increase the amount of tone in their voices without sacrificing quality.

For the benefit of those who had not done any speech work previously, Grade IX began the year with some of the old Scottish ballads. Lately, they have been studying poems with more intricate rhyme and rhythm patterns. In learning "The Barrel Organ" by Alfred Noyes the class has seen that the pulse of a poem should coincide with the meaning, and that stressing unimportant words or syllables may injure the poetry. Southey's "The Cateract of Lodore" has provided practice in rapid, accurate speech.

Examples of the work of each Grade were given at the Music and Choral Speech Recital in May.

M. Gordon

THE DRAMATIC COMPETITION

A VERY successful dramatic competition, adjudicated by Mrs. John Craig, was held in the school auditorium on November 15th; it was the first competition of this type to be held in the school. Each house chose a producer who selected a play and cast it; the plays were very

well chosen and presented, each varying in type.

Matheson House presented "Thirty Minutes in a Street." This play was very good indeed and ranked first among the four plays with eighty-five marks. It was very comical and quick moving, and re-

flected much credit on the producer, Lois Cuff, who managed this play cleverly and with much skill. There were many characters in this skit who showed much talent, particularly Sheila Hawkings who was chosen as giving the most outstanding performance of a female part; she took the part of an old lady and mastered it with great skill. Others taking part in this comedy were:

A Stray Man.....	Lola Marson
A Man with a Bag.....	Evelyn Chapuis
A Rich Lady.....	Norma Jukes
A Curate.....	Laurel Bell
An Actor.....	Lois Dalglish
A Child.....	Donna Baker
First Charwoman.....	Velva Ellis
Second Charwoman.....	Mary Lou Bell
A Girl.....	Betty Flewelling
A Visitor.....	Elizabeth Officer
A Hostess.....	Isabelle Hamon
A Young Man.....	Mildred Parry
An Elderly Gentleman.....	Laurel Bell
A Musician.....	Lois Cuff
A Husband.....	Isabelle Hamon
First Servant.....	Elizabeth Officer
Second Servant.....	Isabelle Hamon

This play was highly praised by our judge Mrs. Craig.

"The Bishop's Candle Sticks" presented by Machray House was quite a contrast; it was serious in mood and is a difficult play to present, as it calls for good acting. The producer, Dorothy Petrie, managed it very well, and the costumes and scenery of nineteenth century France were very suitable. Those taking part were:

Persome (the Bishop's sister, a widow)
.....	Shirley Potter
Marie	Mary Bays
The Bishop.....	Margaret Stovel
The Convict.....	Margaret Tomkins
Sergeant of Gendarmes.	Anne Cunningham

In awarding this play eighty-one marks Mrs. Craig observed that it showed very good management and good team work.

The play "Elizabeth Refuses" taken from "Pride and Prejudice" was put on by Jones House, the producer being Anne Duffin. There was some very fine acting shown here when Elizabeth Bennet, (Joan Adamson), refuses the proposal of Mr. Collins (Irene Williams). Christine Bridgett made an excellent Lady Catherine de Bourgh; Shirley Claydon as Jane Bennet and Venetta Booth as Mrs. Bennet also added greatly to this play. In awarding eighty-four marks Mrs. Craig commented on the fact that the costumes and setting fittingly suggested the period.

Dalton House presented a very eerie, blood-curdling play called "A Night at an Inn" which was awarded eighty-two marks. The producer, Kaye Milner, took much trouble over the costumes which were very true to life. Those taking part were:

Jacob Smith (Sniggers)....	Margaret Milner
William Jones (Bill).....	Barbara Bonnick
Albert Thomas.....	Gertrude Eland
A. E. Scott-Fortescue "The Toff".....
.....	Mary Mills
1st Priest of Klesh.....	Daphne Goulding
2nd Priest of Klesh.....	Jocelyn Fisher
3rd Priest of Klesh.....	Marilyn McIvor
Klesh—"Idol".....	Phyllis Goulding

For her clever acting as "Sniggers," Margaret Milner was chosen as the best male actor in the four plays.

Our school auditorium was filled by a very appreciative audience consisting of pupils, parents, old girls and friends of the school. Mrs. Craig gave a full criticism of all the plays and gave many helpful instructions to the girls, after which she was presented with a bouquet by Kaye Milner.

The marks were all very close and these plays showed that much time and effort had been given by the producers and all the girls taking part.

Peggy and Mary Lofthouse

THE GLEE CLUB



THE Glee Club officers this year were as follows:

PRESIDENT.....Pamela Goodman
 SECRETARY.....Mary Mills
 ASSISTANT-SECRETARY.....Jennifer McQueen
 LIBRARIAN.....Betty Jo Ball

This year there were twenty-eight members on the roll; this includes girls from Grades IV to IX.

We studied the life of Handel during the term, and in club meetings acted a play based on his early life. Different parts were taken each meeting and we learned some of his songs.

At Christmas we sang carols at the school concert. After the Christmas holidays our work consisted of two-part singing.

We all wish to extend a vote of thanks to Miss Armitage who so kindly supervised the club meetings, and also to Miss Jackson who played for us each meeting.

Mary Mills,

(Secretary)

LIBRARY NOTES



THE Library has had another successful year, and more reading has been done, especially by the juniors, than ever before. The library has become, more than ever, the centre of the school's reading activity, use being made not only of the fiction but also of our excellent reference department.

Some very welcome additions to the Art and Literature sections were received during the Christmas term from Mrs. Chadwick. A most interesting book obtained from the school was "The Girl through the Ages" in which Miss Stuart traces, in much picturesque and amusing detail, the daily life of the typical girl from the earliest time to the Victorian era. The book is delightful, containing a wealth of intimate, historical detail and amusing incident—altogether well worth reading. During the Easter term Mr.

G. F. Pearson contributed some valuable books including "Translations from the Chinese" by Arthur Waley; a gift of books from Mrs. W. H. Collum included works by Thackeray, Marquis James, W. L. Courtney and Tennyson.

This year Miss Gordon kindly supervised the library, and everything has run smoothly. The librarians have been:—Joan Adamson, Mary Bays, Laurel Bell, Anne Duffin, Jocelyn Highmoor and Margaret Tomkins from Grade XI, and Dorothy Findlay, Pat Love, Phyllis O'Connell and Elizabeth Officer from Grade X. Little silver "L" pins were again worn to distinguish the librarians.

We hope that the interest in the library will increase, and that the school will follow our motto "Read More Books."

Anne Duffin

LITERARY SOCIETY NOTES

THE Literary Society has just completed its ninth successful year. At the first short meeting the following executive was elected:

HONORARY PRESIDENT.....Miss E. M. Bartlett
(Acclamation)

PRESIDENT.....Miss S. L. Turner

VICE-PRESIDENT.....Kaye Milner

SECRETARY.....Margaret Tomkins

TREASURER.....Anne Cunningham

SOCIAL CONVENORS.....Shirley Claydon,
Laurel Bell, Susi Eismann

Our programmes for this year have been varied and interesting, the first being a talk on Percy B. Shelley given by Miss Turner. Following this Murdina MacKay

spoke on Rudyard Kipling and read some of "Wee Willie Winkie." Lillian Ruttan and Jocelyn Highmoor read several poems by Lord Byron and told us about his life. Our guest speaker, Dr. Patrick, from Gordon Bell School, gave a very interesting talk on Lionel Johnson.

The second term was a busy one. We began with a play reading of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." The next meeting took the form of a debate. The affirmative of the motion, "It is resolved that the country provides a better environment for youth than the town," was taken by Joan Adamson (leader) and Barbara Bonnick; Anne Duffin (leader) and Shir-



THE BOARDERS

Back Row—(reading from left)—Irene Williams, Pine Falls, Man.; Eithne Mills, Saskatoon, Sask.; Nan Pain, Melville, Sask.; Jeanne Johnson, Kenora, Ont.; Christine Bridgett, Dauphin, Man.

Row in Front of back row—Evelyn Chapuis, London, Eng.; Mary Bays, Brandon, Man.; Edith Sanders, Kenora, Ont.; Winnie Jacques, Swan River, Man.; Velva Ellis, Sherridon, Man.; Lois Dalglish, Winnipeg, Man.; Phyllis Lyon, Portage la Prairie, Man.; Lois Cuff, Brandon, Man.; Kirsten Anderson, Portage la Prairie, Man.; Oliva Nolman, Libau, Man.; Elizabeth Brown, Oxfordshire, Eng.; Ruth Stiles, Birmingham, Eng.; Margaret Brown, Oxfordshire, Eng.; Betty Lloyd, Kenville, Man.; Frances Earl, Saskatoon, Sask.; Lola Marson, Winnipeg, Man.; Shirley Claydon, Winnipeg, Man.; Monica Powell, Minnedosa, Man.; Betty Flewelling, Sperling, Man.;

Row Kneeling and Sitting—Phillis Green, Flin Flon, Man.; Margaret Tomkins, Winnipeg, Man.; Pamela Pilkie, Winnipeg, Man.; June Mitrou, Brandon, Man.; Valerie Dadd, Epping, Eng.; Patricia Wilson, Hudson, Ont.; Joanne MacPherson, Regina, Sask.; Marguerite Lofthouse, Kenora, Ont.; Mary Lofthouse, Kenora, Ont.; Sheila Daniel, Lethbridge, Alta.; Norma Benwell, Grand Forks, North Dakota.

Sitting in Front Row—Marianne Burwood, Kenton, Middlesex, Eng.; Maude Ross, Stonewall, Man.; Rosemary Horsefield, Flin Flon, Man.; Ann Drew, Winnipeg, Man.; Patricia Skinner, Winnipeg, Man.; Anne Edmond, Milford-on-Sea, Eng.; Gwen Fowell, Dauphin, Man.

Missing from picture—Jane Davis, Winnipeg, Man.

ley Claydon upheld the negative. The meeting was thrown open to the members of the society who voted in favor of the affirmative. Miss Gordon spoke on "Some Aspects of the Theatre" and through this interesting talk we learned much about different theatres including the Chinese. At the last meeting for the term "Escape" by Galsworthy was read.

At the last meeting for the year an inter-school debate was held with Riverbend. The affirmative of the motion, "It is resolved that in war-time during the current century a country's intelligence service contributes more to its victory than its airforce," was taken by a Riverbend team consisting of Nancy Complin (leader) and Kathleen Richardson, while

Barbara Bonnick (leader) and Kaye Milner defended the negative for us. After a spirited debate the judges, Miss Miriam Norton, Mr. J. O. Turner and Mr. R. Orchard gave a two to one vote in favor of the affirmative. Much credit should be given Kathleen Richardson who at the last moment took the place of Joan Harris who, due to illness, was unable to debate. Tea was then served to the guests and members in the drawing-room and kindergarten.

I would like to take this opportunity to wish the Club and its members every success in the future, and also to say how happy I have been filling the position of secretary.

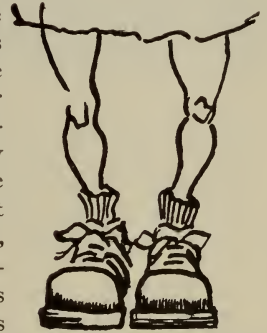
Margaret Tomkins,

(Secretary)



INITIATION DAY

UPON entering Rupert's Land on the morning of October 17th, old girls were given to wonder if something terrible had happened to the old school or whether they had entered the day nursery by mistake. For running (or should I say stumbling) around, were rather large babies, each with head adorned with at least six pigtails, shoelaces tied together, balloons and rattles in one hand, shoe-blackening kit or stacks of old girls' books balanced in the other. To add to this



charming picture those who were not walking backwards were crawling on their hands and knees saying, "goo goo, mama." and other appropriate baby-like sounds. Upon closer inspection these "babies" turned out to be our new girls from Grades VIII to XII, inclusive, who, one and all, were undergoing the pleasant torture of Initiation Day at Rupert's Land. All day the old girls were in their glory as initiates carried books, did homework and pushed peanuts with their noses.

At recess we all gathered in the hall. Initiates were told to toss their balloons into the air and blow them from one end of the hall to the other. Then they paraded in a circle, laces tied with a balloon tucked fore and aft under their tunics. The day continued much the same way. But the night was the big event.

Old girls seated themselves on the sides of the gym while the "babies" paraded in wearing bonnets, bibs, extremely short baby skirts and sweaters, snow boots, and carrying dolls and rattles. Each girl had a feverishly bright spot of rouge on each cheek, an inch of mascara on her eyes and a kiss curl on her forehead. Each girl let out a shriek on crossing the platform and the judges selected Sheila Hawkings as the most realistic baby.

Stunts followed. There were the usual soapy custards and blindfold porridge feeding. But who can forget Sheila Hawkings' rendering of "I'm Sheilah from Shanghai" to the tune of "Minnie from Trinidad" or Kirsten Anderson's attempt to sing the Hut-sut song as Kirsten

Flagstead would sing it? And Shakespeare is still spinning from Edith (Romeo) Sanderson's and Betty (on the fire escape) Speed's interpretation of the famous balcony scene.

After the stunts were over we all danced for awhile, Miss Jackson kindly played the piano for us. Then we went down to

the dining-room and had a very enjoyable lunch. Dancing was resumed and the party broke up around ten o'clock with the customary singing of "Auld Lang Syne." It was a great day for old girls and an unforgettable one for the new girls.

Norma Jukes

HOME ECONOMICS

THE FASHION TEA

ON Friday, April the twenty-fourth, the three Home Economics classes of the school held a Fashion Tea in the drawing-room and kindergarten, to which the girls invited their parents and friends.

Under the instruction of Mrs. Rumbal, the girls of the Home Economics classes have done excellent work which was demonstrated on this occasion. The Grade IX and XI classes modelled outfits which they had made at classes during the Easter term; the Grade X's have learned to cook this year. The tea brought the year to a very successful close and also, we are sorry to relate, marked the last year for Mrs. Rumbal at Rupert's Land as teacher of Home Economics.

A platform, for the modelling was carpeted and decked with small ferns and stood in front of the fireplace, also covered with ferns, and while the girls walked down the platform, Kaye Milner and Norma Jukes commented on the color, style and fabric of each garment as Miss Jackson played softly on the piano.

The first part of the show was a group of cotton dresses. Doreen Gibson led the way with a printed dirndl skirt with a short-sleeved blouse and matching sailor collar. An original dress in navy and white was modelled by Lola Marson; the highlight was the navy skirt with an inverted white pleat. A pale blue dress, on the princess line, with pink trimmings and hood was shown by Lois Dalglish while Beverley Robinson wore a printed red and white dress with a full skirt and short sleeves. Maureen Sharman had made a crisp summer dress in blue and white on

the torso line. The last of this section was Jocelyn Highmoor's charming blue dress, very simple with white lace collar and cuffs.

Garments suitable for school and afternoon wear were next modelled. Lois Cuff wore an outfit of fine beige corduroy with a flared skirt and extra long jerkin. A blue jumper and red plaid shirtwaist blouse was displayed by Mary Mills, and Frances Earl wore a contrasting skirt and jerkin, the skirt being chocolate brown and the jerkin of the new eagle shade. Mary Bays showed a green tweed skirt and vest flecked with effective red and white, and Joyce Aitken an airforce blue flannel skirt, with a white short-sleeved blouse. A smart green corduroy skirt and jerkin was modelled by Jean Brice, with which she wore a long-sleeved jersey blouse. Joanne MacPherson displayed a smartly tailored suit of blue with a flared skirt and long jacket. Afternoon dresses were modelled by Jeanne Johnson, Nan Pain, Venetta Booth and Barbara Bonnick. Jean's dress was made of sheer wool in a pale turquoise shade, with pleated skirt, long waist, convertible collar and bracelet-length sleeves. The dress Nan wore was printed silk with three-quarter length sleeves, and Venetta Booth's deep wine crepe dress had a fitted waist and very full skirt. Barbara Bonnick modelled a navy sheer crepe dress with a crisp white collar, short sleeves and pleated skirt.

The Grade X Home Economics class include Gertrude Eland, Evelyn Chapuis, Pamela Pilkie, Phyllis Green, Dorothy Mae Langstaffe, Jean McLennan, Marga-



THE KINDERGARTEN

ret and Elizabeth Brown, Dorothy Findlay, Jane Grimbble, Elizabeth Officer, Sheila Hawkings, Phyllis O'Connell, Kaye Glover and Pat Love. These girls served tea following the modelling while the girls chatted with their friends. The Grade X girls had a table centred with fresh daffodils and tulips in the library on which was dainty sandwiches, cookies and cakes which the girls had previously made. Miss Bussell presided at the tea table.

THE GRADE X DINNER

On Wednesday, March 18th, the Grade X Home Economics class demonstrated what they had learned this year by preparing and serving an excellent dinner for the boarding-school and two guests, Mr.

Sellers and Mr. Pearson, both members of the board.

The menu was as follows:—

Tomato Juice
Sirloin Roast Beef
Glazed Carrots and Peas
Fluffy Mashed Potatoes
Parker House Rolls
Devil's Food with Whipped Cream and
Marshmallow Sauce
Black Coffee

The girls served the meal very efficiently; at the close of dinner Mr. Sellers congratulated the class and Mrs. Rumbal saying: "If I had been marking the girls on this excellent dinner, I would have given them one hundred percent."

Lois Cuff

THE ORIOLE

There's an oriole in a tree,
Singing merrily to me;
He is orange, black and yellow—
He's a pretty little fellow.

See him flying home to rest,
In his pretty little nest,
In a tree so very high,
One would think he'd touch the sky.

Patricia Skinner (Grade III)



GRADES I AND II

A SNOW MAN

WE have fun in the winter time playing in the snow.

One day Jane and I made a snow man. We rolled a ball of snow until it was quite big. This was the body of the snow man. We rolled a smaller ball, and used it for the head. Then we took two pieces of coal and used them for eyes, while a big apple made a fine red nose. Jane ran to the school to find a white box for his hat. Then we made some arms and put them on the snow man. Jane made the right arm and I made the left. What fun we had!

When we came out of school we looked for our snow man but he had run away. The sun had laughed at him all afternoon.

Judith Bole (Grade II)

TOPSY

TOPSY was a little yellow kitten. He did not like to have his face washed so he ran away.

He said, "I will not be a kitten, I will be something else."

He met Mrs. Rabbit and asked her if he could be a rabbit. He had to eat carrots and leaves and the rabbits laughed at his long tail and short ears. Soon he again ran away.

He met Mrs. Beaver so he asked to be a beaver. But he had to work hard all day long and eat bark, so he said to Mrs. Beaver, "I cannot be a beaver, I shall go home to Mother Jane." And so he did.

Now he sits by the fire and lets Mother Jane wash his face all day long.

Johanne Wintemute (Grade II)

GENTLEMAN TOM

IT was a beautiful day in summer. The sun was shining, all the trees were green, all the birds were singing, and everyone was happy.

"Tweet, tweet, tweet," sang a little sparrow. "Summer is here, oh I am so



GRADES III AND IV

happy! Tweet, tweet," she sang as she flew from tree to tree.

She flew from tree top to tree top until she came to a beautiful garden and there she saw some crumbs. She flew down without seeing Tom, the black cat. He jumped at her and caught her with his sharp claws, and oh, how it hurt! She said to Tom, "I thought you were a gentleman."

"I am," said Tom.

"But gentlemen wash their faces before they eat," said the sparrow.

"Oh I forgot," said Tom. Then he put his paw up to his face and the sparrow flew away.

Paddy Clarke (Grade III)

LEAVES IN FALL

The leaves are gently falling,
The pretty colored leaves,
The little leaves are calling,
Everyone believes.

The little leaves are asking,

"You wouldn't leave us, would you?"

"Oh no!" the wind is saying,

"Of course we'll take you too."

Barbara Moorhouse (Grade IV)

SNOW

The snow is softly falling,
Covering all the world in white;
It looks so pretty falling,
Through the bright window light.

It falls without a single sound,
Covering all the little seeds,
It covers every bit of ground,
And that is what the dear earth needs.

Davina Stuart (Grade IV)

PEARLYHEART'S ADVENTURE

LITTLE Pearlyheart was a dewdrop. She rested in the heart of a deep rose, but she longed to peep out and see the great world outside. She fidgeted about in her dainty resting place until a red petal bent back and Pearlyheart found herself rolling out.

"Oh, I don't think I want to go now!" she said to her sister dewdrops who were

just being lifted up to cloudland in the arms of the Sunbeam Fairies.

"Please take me too good fairies. Help! Help! I'm slipping," she called.

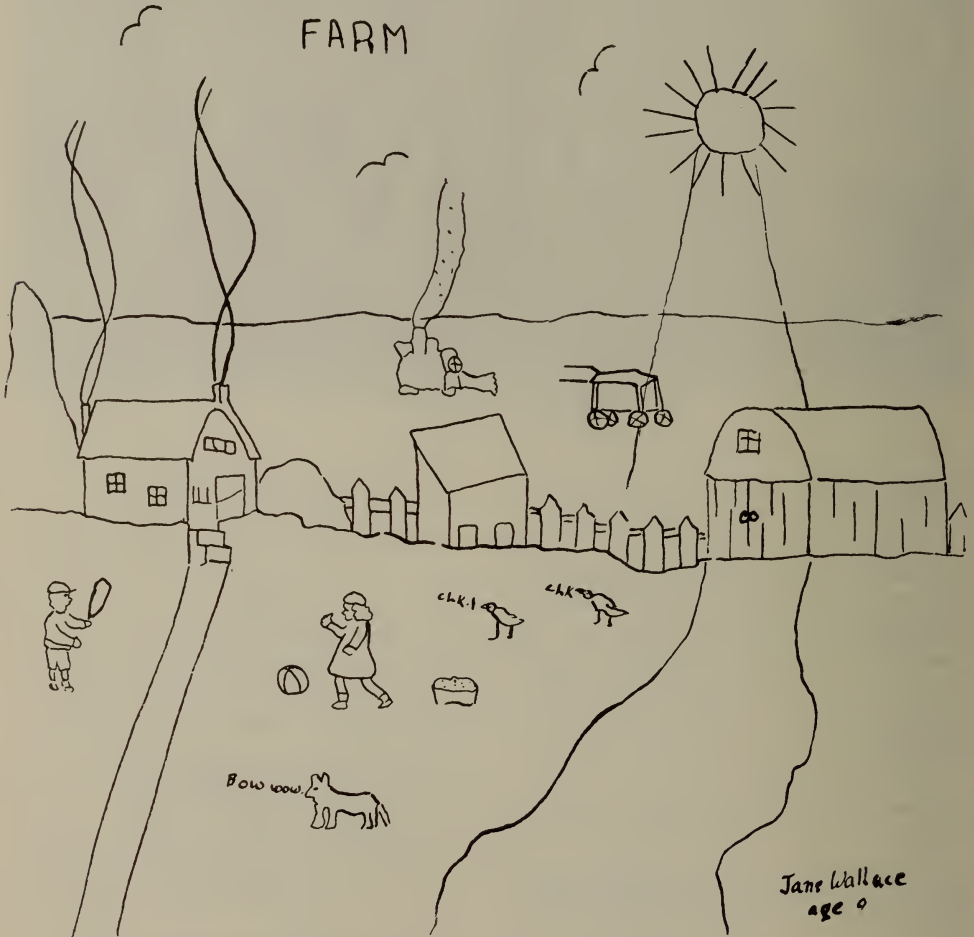
But it was too late. A Sunbeam Fairy darted towards her but the rose petal bent back, and Pearlyheart rolled swiftly out.

With a gentle thud she touched the earth and was just going to cry out—al-

Soon she found there were others like her and that she was leaping up, and to her joy she was in the sunshine.

"Here is a spring of fresh water bubbling up," she heard someone say.

"Hurrah," cried Pearlyheart, "I will soon be up with my dewdrop sisters." Just at that moment a Sunbeam Fairy



though she was not the slightest bit hurt—when she heard Mother Earth saying gently—"Don't be afraid; no harm shall come to you. You shall join your dewdrop sisters later on."

Then Pearlyheart felt herself going down, down, down, and in spite of what Mother Earth said she was afraid. It was so dark.

darted down, drew her up and set her on a cloud where her dewdrop sisters were waiting for her.

"I'm glad to be with you again," said Pearlyheart. "My curiosity led to adventures that were terrifying, but I am safe with you now."

Gail Florance (Grade IV)

RIVERS

The rivers come out of their freezing
state,
They come in a hurry for fear they'll
be late,
They flow by the hills and the mountains
and trees,
And think of the day when they'll enter
the seas.

D is for Dunkirk where we heard our
men call.
E is for England who saves all her tin,
F is for Freedom which we hope soon to
win.
G is for Guns which we need more and
more,
H is for Hope that we need to win the
war.



They see the flowers nodding their heads
as they pass,
They see the green reeds and see the
green grass,
They'd like to stop but on they must go,
Oh, how I love to watch them flow.

Joanna Hollenberg (Grade IV)

ALPHABET OF THE WAR

A is for Ammunition that we use in our
guns,
B is for Boche and sometimes called
Huns.
C is for Canada with her wheat fields
and all,

I is for India which is threatened each
day,
J is for the Japs who will have heavy
prices to pay.
K is for King, so brave and so strong,
L is for London which has heldout so long.
M is for Malaya which did her part well,
N is for News which the radios tell.
O is for Orange of which Britain sees few,
P is for Planes, some old and some new.
Q is for Quisling, a traitor to all,
R is for Raid when bombs and shells fall.
S is for Submarines which get in ship's
way,
T is for Tanks we are making each day.

CANDID CAMERA SHOTS



Competition II.
Tied: Second Place
Taken by Margaret Tomkins



Competition II.
First Place
Taken by Sylvia Peker



PETENS



Competition II.
Tied: Second Place
Taken by Sylvia Peker



GRADES V AND VI

U is for Uniform which all men now wear,
V is for Victory for which they all dare.
W is for Wardens; we are much in their
debt,

X is for Example of courage they set.

Y is for Youth who fight to be free,

Z is for Zealous which we must all be.

Claire Moore (Grade V)

THESE THINGS I LOVE

A ROBIN caroling blue skies above,
A squirrel upon a budding limb,
A bubbling brook filled to the brim—
In spring, these things I love.

A glowing sunset in the west,
The cooing of a turtle dove,
The stillness of a forest glade—
In summer, all these things I love.

The night air cool and sweet against my
lips,
The stars like pinpricks, dotting velvet
skies above,
The crimson of the wild rose tips—
In autumn, all these things I love.

The pine trees in their mantle of pure
white,

The dark, mysterious, windy night,
The snowbirds in their whirling flight—
In winter, all these things I love.

Gloria Knight (Grade V)

A DIME

I'M just a plain ordinary dime. How I
wish I could be of some use in the
world!

I started out as a lump of silver in a
mine in British Columbia. One day I
hear a great rumbling and I felt myself
being pushed up a long narrow pipe. I
knew it must have been a drill. I was
put into a cart and taken to a place where
I was crushed until all the rock left my
sides. This did not hurt me for I am a
very hard mineral.

Next I was taken to a place in Ottawa
called a "Mint." I was thrown into a
very hot furnace until I was melted into
a queer watery mixture. Oh but I felt
funny! I was then put on a moving tray
until a cutter cut me into shape. I moved
on until the stamper put the King's head
on my side. Then I was shovelled into a



GRADE VII

bag. I fell asleep and then, well—I was in Mrs. Johnson's bag.

This morning I heard Jeanie say to her mother that all she needed was ~~one~~ more dime and she'd be able to buy a ten dollar bond.

Oh! What's happened? In the name of silver, help me! Och! Oh, oh, I think I know what's happened! Jeanie's dropped me into her bank. Now I will help win this war by helping to buy a tank, a ship, or even a plane to bring Victory closer.

Jennifer McQueen (Grade VI)

HINDY AND JERRY

HINDY and Jerry are dachshunds. They have a very peculiar shape—they have long bodies and short legs which make it a great handicap to the carpets on muddy days. Jerry, the younger of the two is a dark brown dog. He is a show dog and has won many ribbons, although he is very stupid and won't learn to sit up or any other tricks that Hindy can do. Hindy is a five year old dog with a light brown coat. We should like very much to put Hindy in some dog shows but his

pedigree was lost when he was a pup. Hindy is named after General Hindenburg.

Jerry and Hindy are a happy but mischievous pair.

Although these dogs are of German breed, **please** do not think unkindly of them, because their ancestors came from England and I'm sure they would bite any Nazi or Jap that came near us.

Miriam Baker (Grade VI)

MY VOYAGE TO CANADA

I CAME to Canada after the war had broken out. I started from Glasgow, Scotland, which is one of the largest ports in the world.

The next day I heard a message by radio sent to the captain, that the ship which had sailed half an hour before us, had been torpedoed. All the passengers started fastening their life-belts so that if we were torpedoed there would be no chance of our being drowned. After an hour, another message came through that the people on the torpedoed boat had been picked up by one of our convoy.

It was very rough the third day and the ship rolled from one side to another. Practically everyone was sea-sick and the stewards had a busy job.

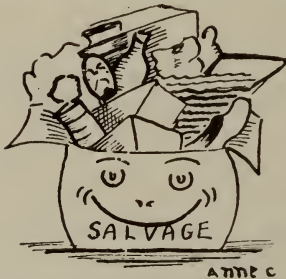
From that day on the weather was marvellous. The sea was so calm and every once in a while you would see a flying fish darting out of the water.

We were on the water for eleven days and I shouldn't have been sorry if it had been more. But I wasn't sorry to reach Canada and safety.

Marianne Burwood (Grade VI)

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A GARBAGE CAN AND A SALVAGE BOX

MR. Brisk Good Citizen's Garbage Can and Salvage Box were sitting outside the fence on a shivering cold day in February. As I passed down the lane, I couldn't help hearing their conversation.

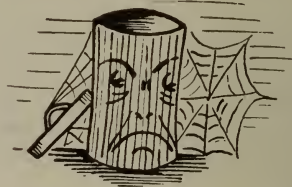


The Garbage Can was complaining bitterly, "My mistress has been treating me very badly lately. She has never been so stingy in all the fifteen years that I have served her. I can't see why she should suddenly try to starve me to death. The reputation of the Garbage family has always been very high, and everywhere we are considered good citizens. It is true we do not belong to the highest society, we are distinctly of the servant class, but our services have been recognized all over the world."

Mr. Salvage Box coughed a little and said, "Well, I suppose every dog has his day and this is my day, and I'm quite sure that I am the most talked of person in Winnipeg at the present time, and I am very highly thought of. I'll admit I am a newcomer, but you can't deny that the

best society have taken up with me. My head was not even turned although I'm sure it would have turned the heads of many, when I heard that the Lieutenant-Governor's wife thinks very highly of me."

"Humph!" said Mr. Garbage Can, "that is no reason for Mrs. Brisk Good Citizen and family to neglect one who has served faithfully for many years. I am sure there is no need in their family as I see even John, who used to get ill very frequently, running about, chubby and rosy-cheeked, free from colds, etc., and all the other children look healthy. But that is still no reason for them not leaving me anything but empty tin cans. It is nearly a year since I have had any potato or fruit skins, not to speak of half eaten cakes or cookies. Why, it is a dreadful crime! I received a letter from my sister in Germany the other day and she tells me she hasn't had a proper meal for ten years. She is very ill and I fear she will soon pass away. Thank goodness I have



not had to suffer quite so long."

"I go for a ride with the highest ladies of society every week," said the other. "I do feel sorry for you, although for many years I had to suffer just as you do now. No one ever fed me and if I had had to go on like that much longer, I am sure that I wouldn't be here to-day."

"Well," went on his friend, "I do not begrudge you your privileges as I know that it is now your turn to enjoy life, but why should our mistress suddenly stop feeding me and begin to give all the food to you?"

Mr. Salvage Box continued, "You are no longer considered nearly so important. Since the war began, I have been taking your place. All your former friends are turned to enemies. Even the radios and newspapers talk against you. It is partly because they have begun to appreciate

me. I hear that big meetings are held everywhere, to talk about me. I hate to boast, but I overheard some important people talking the other day and I learned that I might even have a big share in winning the war."

Their conversation was ended abruptly as a car whirled around the corner and Mr. Salvage Box was picked up by one of his many friends.

Phyllis Dowker (Grade VII)

THE GEOGRAPHY PROJECT OF GRADE SEVEN

ON April 17th the girls of Grade Seven took part in a Geography project. On that morning the class was seated in the desks with cards of Manila tag and various other pieces of card-board on which pictures were very attractively glued into place. Miss Bussell and Miss Jackson kindly consented to judge the speeches and posters which were displayed by each speaker.

Betty Calvert and Barbara Copeland chose Australia as their topic and made excellent posters on its historic places, products, its animals and stamps. Their speech was composed and executed splendidly and they succeeded in coming first with ninety-eight points.

Phyllis Dowker—or rather Prince Amulya, wore the garb of an Indian prince and took us through his native country. During our journey we visited the Taj Mahal, bazaars, rice-fields and even a wedding. Phyllis succeeded in coming second with ninety points to her credit.

Patricia McKnight and Diana Bedford chose India for their subject. Pat told about India's products, and had a very interesting poster illustrating them. Diana told us about India's government, and after both girls had given their talk, Nancy Clark told us about Sir Stafford Cripps' visit to India. These girls had very attractive posters, and gave interesting talks on India's products, government, and historical places. They came third with eighty-nine marks.

Aileen Dickenson, Phyllis Morgan and Lillian Sedgwick all chose to speak on

England from a historical point of view, each taking different phases. Colorful posters were produced. Aileen spoke of such points as the Isle of Skye and Ayrshire; Phyllis on some historic palaces and castles; Lillian gave an interesting talk on London and Manchester illustrated with colored postcards.

Nancy Tooley and Betty Hurst succeeded in giving quite a comprehensive survey of Canada. Margaret Killick and Shirley Carter also chose Canada as their subject and both of these talks were illustrated with colorful and well-drawn maps.

New Zealand was chosen by Donna Baker and Pat Booth. Donna Baker gave an instructive speech on these two islands. Their poster was made up of interesting pictures and scenes with a map in the middle.

The class gave these speeches twice, once when they were judged and again at a later date before Miss Bartlett.

Patricia McKnight,
Betty Calvert,

(Grade VII)

LIMERICK

There was a fine grade called Grade
Seven,

Who thought it would skip to Eleven,
It tried very hard

Until receiving a card,

Was told to remain as Grade Seven.

Diana Bedford (Grade VII)

TORPEDOED ON THE ATLANTIC

*(Told by Old Jim to a reporter, as he told
it to some of our boys.)*

"THE Canadian lads an' I were sittin' 'round a country-house fireplace when one of them boys, bless 'is 'eart, asked me if I'd spin a yarn for 'im. Well, I didn't spin no yarn, but I told 'im about the time we was torpedoed off the coast of Ireland about three years ago.

"Well, boys," said I, "it was a wicked moon that was shining and the water was sorta rough but that didn't bother us none; every thing was peacelike until George in the crow's nest yelled down he'd seen a shark (that means a sub, Mister). Well, just like drill we got out the guns



GRADE VIII

and began firing with our special shells into them murky waters. Not one of our shells hit the darn thing, though, and, as we expected, the ship began shakin'. Huh! They'd torpedoed us and they'd run, too. But water began to pour in at the ripped side an' we started to sink. We rushed to the boats and they were lowered.

"Meanwhile, though, the tapper (radio operator, Mister) had sent out a signal to the destroyers near us, an' they loomed up ahead of us for rescue. Bill, the tapper, he an' George in the nest stayed with the ship and two other men drowned. Bill stayin' behind tappin' was real hero-like. It was just like him. But—back to being torpedoed, at first the lions (destroyers) couldn't find us an' they spent a long time tootin' their whistles, didn't even give us time to foot back. But finally one of them numbskull watches sighted us off port side and we were hauled up."

"But, sir," inquired the reporter, "where was the submarine?"

"Don't int'rupt, please," said Old Jim. "I tole you it skipped, now, w'ere was I? Um—Oh, yes, we were given food all right and blankets. In the scuffle to get

on board, I twisted my knee, never been right since . . .

"Well, sir, tha's just how I tole the Canadian lads at Epping 'bout the torpedoed boat I was on. They were a fine bunch o' lads, sir, but Bill an' George were real heroic stayin' there, watchin' an' tappin', it was just like 'em. They went to school t'gether. An' went down t'gether. Real heroes they were, real heroes. . ."

Patricia McKnight (Grade VII)

FORTY WINKS

(Awarded second place in the Junior Story Competition.)

THERE is nothing which can make you feel more sleepy than a blazing fire on a rainy day. This was what Caroline decided as her head nodded for the fourth time, and do what she could, her eyes would not stay open. She blinked in a last desperate attempt to stay awake when she saw standing before her a person who struck her as being dressed rather oddly, bearing a remarkable resemblance to King Henry VIII.



"Are you really Henry VIII?" she asked in awe-struck tones.

"Of course I am," was the answer. (A rather indignant one Caroline thought.)

There was an uncomfortable silence which was broken by a rush of skirts down the corridor and feminine voices crying, "Henry!"

"My wives!" cried that monarch, and dashed out by another door.

Six women ran up to Caroline, headed by Katherine of Aragon who asked, "Which way did he go?"

Caroline pointed to the other door, and the rush of skirts swirled madly on. Before peace was restored once more she heard a commanding voice say, "Pray Bessy, what have we here?"

There was a whisper of silk, and in a mincing tone the future wife of Sir Walter Raleigh replied, "It looks like a girl, Your Majesty, but see her short skirts!"

Caroline turned her head with an effort and saw Queen Elizabeth with her maid-of-honor Miss Bessy Throckmorton standing behind her.

"I think your skirts are just as odd," said Caroline.

"Such impertinence!" said the Queen, and the two ladies passed grandly on

through the door to the living-room. Caroline, devoured with curiosity, followed them.

There on a dais sat the Queen with her ladies-in-waiting whispering in groups near her. They fell into a hushed silence as the doors at the far end of the room opened and in amazement Caroline watched the heroes of the defeat of the Armada enter to pay homage to their Queen. First came Drake with a devil-may-care air, followed by gallant Raleigh who chatted meanwhile to Sir Martin Frobisher. They were succeeded by Sir Richard Grenville, John Hawkins, John Davis, Sir Humphrey Gilbert and the chief commander of the fleet, Lord Charles Howard of Effingham.

As Elizabeth acknowledged their bows with eyes glowing with pride, Henry, his be-plumed cap clinging to one ear and his eyes looking wildly for escape, puffed into the room beseeching shelter. Howard just managed to squeeze the unfortunate king into the china closet as his wives ran into the room crying, "Where is he?"

Suddenly there was a terrific crash from the hiding-place. The door flew open and out tumbled Henry with the Dresden tea-cups.



GRADE IX

(Grade IX girls won first prizes in Junior Story and Junior Poem Competitions. These winning items are printed further on.)

Caroline woke with a start realizing that the crash which she had heard in her dreams was just her history book falling to the floor. Opening it sleepily she made sure that Henry and Elizabeth were back in their right place, and closing it contentedly gazed at the dying fire.

Betty Calvert (Grade VII)

CANADA

This glorious land of ours, this broad domain,
The maple leaf, proud emblem of the realm,
This home of winding rivers, swaying wheat,

Whose prairies are so gold and forests green,

Whose mountains rise against the sunset glow,

The myriads of stars and northern lights,

The sparkling, dancing streams, and crystal lakes,

This perfect place to dwell, this wondrous gift,

This heaven that is on earth, our Canada,
May war's grim shadows soon be seen no more.

A land of peace and plenty is our wish,
To labor in a world of happiness,

And never have to send our sons to fight,
Keep us, the people, strong in faith and hope,

That we may still revive this darkened age,

And blossom forth once more, a nation freed.

June Sinden (Grade VIII)

From a Scripture examination paper:—
Tyndale was helped in his translation of the Bible by Humphrey Bogart. (i.e. Humphrey Monmouth.)



GRADE X

WHEN SPRINGTIME COMES . . .

(Awarded second place in the Junior Poetry Competition.)

LIKE the red and purple tulips,
 Waking from their bed of dreams,
 Springtime comes with crimson sunsets
 In the dusk the purple streams.
 Beautious Season, how we love it,
 In those dear dead days gone by,
 As hand in hand we walked together
 You and Youth and Joy and I!

Our lives were full of song and laughter,
 'Twas only yesterday it seems,
 And we planned the glorious future,
 Now, those plans are empty dreams.
 Time flows on in ceaseless measure,
 Again, I greet the Springtime's dawn,
 But I am desolate and lonely . . .
 For You and Youth and Joy are gone!

Daffodils and purple violets
 Line the paths we used to roam—

In memories you still walk with me,
 In reality, I walk alone.

Now when Spring comes softly stealing
 O'er the scenes we loved so long
 I am blind to Springtime's beauty,
 I am deaf to Springtime's song!

Amber Bebbington (Grade VIII)

UP IN THE RIGGING

I WAS very young when I came to sea,
 And I'll tell you what it seems like to
 me
 As I sit in the crows-nest, spyglass in
 hand,
 Waiting and longing for the sight of the
 land:

The wind shivers and quivers,
 And moans and groans,
 And wails,
 And crashes and slashes,
 And smashes and gnashes,
 And rails.



It shrieks and screams,
And tears the beams,
And rips and whips,
The masts of the ships.

It shivers, quivers
And cries, then dies
In the rigging.

I come down from my perch, shivering
and cold,
And slip across watersoaked decks to the
hold,
And I've often thought since I've been at
sea—
"This is God's way of making a man of
me."

Amy Best (Grade IX)

PRINCE RUPERT

PRINCE Rupert, after whom Rupert's Land was named, and thus the name of Rupert's Land Girls' School, was a very fascinating character. He was born in 1619 to Frederick, an Elector of the Palatine, in the Holy Roman Empire, and Elizabeth, daughter of James I of England.

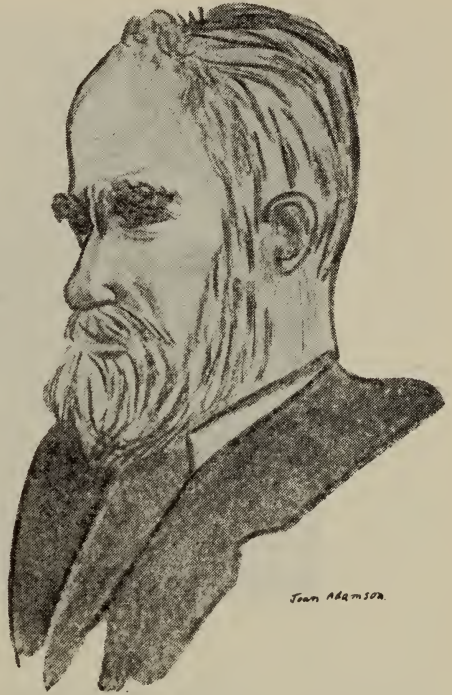
When only a youth Rupert showed great promise of becoming an outstanding man. The greater part of his boyhood was spent in Holland; here his training, like that of all good Protestant princes, included instruction in athletics, languages, science and perhaps other studies. When he was only three years old his skill in languages had become uncanny;

at fourteen he overthrew the best horseman in Europe with his wooden tilting-lance. He visited England for the first time when seventeen and entered St. John's College, Oxford. One of his friends gave this description of the young Prince: "In his sports he is serious; in his conversation retired, but sharp and witty when the occasion provokes." Rupert's appearance was very much as we imagine a prince—tall, slender, beautiful, oval-faced, almond-eyed, with richly curled hair; the whole atmosphere about him seemed to suggest impatience and eagerness for action.

Prince Rupert, while still a boy, led the Cavaliers to battle for the divine right of his uncle, King Charles I of England; Rupert's cavalry was very useful to his uncle. When things seemed none too hopeful for the Royalists Rupert advised his uncle to make peace with Cromwell, and, because of some misunderstanding on the part of Charles, Rupert was driven out of England when twenty-eight years old. He returned to England after his uncle's execution and, in the Dutch wars, was appointed Lord High Admiral of the fleet. Later he headed a petition to Charles II for the calling together of an unwelcome Parliament.

Radisson Groseilliers gained his support and through him that of Charles II. Prince Rupert himself and other friends furnished sufficient sums of money. In 1670 Charles granted a charter to the newly formed Hudson's Bay Company and Rupert was its first governor. The Company had the power to trade in furs on most of the land lying west of the Rocky Mountains. Many rich men put their money together and built ships to carry goods out from England and furs back. Forts were also built in every direction to protect their clerks, traders, and trappers.

As Rupert grew older he became interested in art and science. The mezzotint, engraving on copper, was an art which he discovered and perfected; his "Head of the Great Executioner" stands with the greatest monuments of mankind to beauty. He invented the first revolver, torpedo, shrapnel, a kind of brass, and un-



Joan Adamson

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Copied by Joan Adamson

January 15, 1940

breakable glass bubbles known as Prince Rupert's drops.

As has been shown, Rupert led a very useful and full life which was almost entirely spent in discovering something new. He was the last knight-errant and the first Liberal politician. He was at times very impatient but never disloyal and we cannot help admiring his talent in science and art, his ability as a leader, and his adventurous spirit. Little do the girls attending Rupert's Land realize that their school was named after so great a man!

Winona Ross (Grade X)

CARNIVAL TIME

THIS season of the year reminds me of a very gay and interesting time we spent whilst living in Europe, to which not only we children, but also adults, looked forward keenly as it always meant excitement and fun.

I am speaking of the Carnival, which, as I have been told, is a very old remnant from the heathen time, and which has



later, especially in Catholic countries, been carried on and exercised. As a matter of fact, the Carnival Day, in these Catholic countries, means the end of merriment and also the beginning of Lent.

However, weeks before this day, which is a Tuesday late in February, the gay life starts for many people who like fun, dance and laughter. During these weeks, previous to the Carnival Day, many dances and parties are arranged, in private as well as in public, and many people put on fancy dress and disguise in every imaginable fashion. Sometimes these parties and dances require a certain kind of disguise and a slogan is given out, which has to be followed with respect to costumes, in order to fit into the picture. One time it might be that the place is the old Roman Capitol and the people have to represent Roman citizens; other times the place of the scenes would be somewhere in the Bavarian mountains, and the people would have to represent real mountaineers, wearing short leather trousers or colorful milkmaid frocks, or they might enjoy themselves as princes and princesses in an old Venice palace, or they might just act

in the uniforms of house personnel, as chambermaids, cooks, chauffeurs, bell-boys, etc.

We children had nice parties, and I know that Dad and Mother thought out for us all kinds of disguises. Once I was a cook and I still have a picture of this occasion. Other times I was a harlequin and one time, I remember, my sister and myself were harlequins and our dogs were dressed up like harlequins, matching exactly with our costumes. But whatever we represented, confetti, trumpets, crackers, fancy masks and all kinds of noisy instruments made an essential part of our outfit.

The highlight of this time, and also the closing festivity, is the Carnival Day itself. In all countries where it is still preserved, the afternoon of the Carnival Tuesday is a holiday and on this occasion the masked people, and especially also the children, go out in the street, starting a funny, noisy parade. The boys sometimes turn out as old women with funny masks before their faces, dressed in shabby old clothes like female tramps, witches and gypsies; some girls wear dirndls or represent types of fairy tales; some are

harlequins, others young Don Juans, others peasants, chambermaids, etc., but you also can see many masks disguised as cows, pigs, chickens, goats and all the collection of Noah's Ark.

In many towns, especially throughout Europe, but also in some places in South America, large pompous parades take place, in which many thousands of adults take part. This is especially the case in countries where late February brings springtime and an abundance of sunshine and flowers and where outdoor life is already possible.

One of the best known Carnival parades takes place in Nice, in the south of France. Such a parade consists of many hundreds of vehicles, either large trucks or wagons drawn by many nicely decorated horses, and each of these vehicles represents some real thing, taken out of life from the past, or describing future developments, or some symbolic matter. Each vehicle has been made up with great care and artistic taste. Inside, the groups in every vehicle act according to their various disguises, but the principal purpose is to be gay, to laugh and to make fun. There are also many vehicles with disguised bands, and so there is always music in the air. In many wagons, people dance, drink and eat. Sporadically between the wagons, come large groups of pedestrians all disguised in whatever fancy can imagine, and you can find, at one time, hundreds of giants, towering fifteen feet and more, wearing enormous funny heads, or, at other times, advances a regiment of old warriors with their old armament, or again gods of old Greece. Vinedressers, male and female, come along in their joyful dresses, bearing huge grapes and vessels filled with red and white wine which they drink and also present freely to the public. From time to time, these parades come to a halt and then people mix in and dance altogether on the street.

All along the way, which the parade takes, thousands and thousands of spectators border the street, cheer and acclaim the most attractive units, exchange

greetings with the people in the parade, throw tons of confetti and bouquets of spring flowers which grow in such abundant quantities. Think also of a blue sky and a blue Mediterranean and a mild spring breeze and you have an idea of this most gorgeous picture.

But Carnival is also celebrated in more northern countries, such as in Flanders and in northern France, where in old towns of the mediaeval age, people keep up with an old tradition, passed to them through centuries. Thousands of dancers very often disguised in the costumes of their ancestors, move through the streets and carry out old-fashioned dances, exactly as in the old times, and sing old country songs. The manners, in many cases, are a little rough, and spring night not be so near either, but as the plays are very often historic, the pictures are not less interesting than in the south. Most of these dancers are disguised as harlequins in costumes which have been inherited, and they wear, especially the men, wooden face masks, which often have been hand-carved, generations ago. All the girls wear some kind of high headgear, which consists of enormous fancy colored ostrich feathers, which also, quite often, has been worn by grandmothers, and which according to my information, often has been in the possession of the family for more than one hundred years.

These Carnival Days not only mean fun and happiness for young and old, but they also give the opportunity to bring about habits and carry on with the old traditions which are typical of a long settled population, and so help to conserve some of the valuable customs of long past times.

When the sun goes down on this Carnival Tuesday, masks, music and feasting disappear, and the real earnest life comes back again. But young and old, who had the experience of a lively Carnival, will have a pleasant thought and a dear memory.

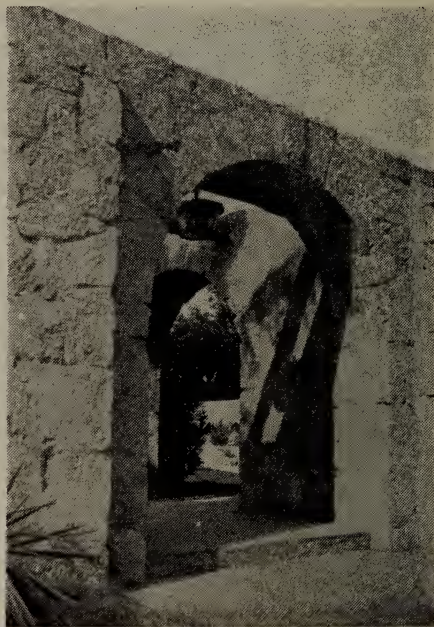
Susi Eismann (Grade X)

PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITIONS

Photos Judged by Miss M. Faraday and Miss B. Sharman



Competition I.—Class A
First Place
Taken by M. McIvor



Competition I.—Class B.
Tie: Second Place
Taken by Anne Cunningham



Competition I.—Class A.
Tie: Second Place
Taken by Jean Johnson



Competition I.—Class B.
First Place
Taken by Pat Love



Competition I.—Class B.
Second Place
Taken by Laurel Bell

This competition brought out some good and interesting work though several groups were lacking in variety and in number of entries. There must be many girls interested in photography in the school who, the judges hope, now that this competition has been established, will feel encouraged to work for it throughout the year, and to submit carefully mounted original prints for next year's awards.

Awards:

Class I. A.—Landscape:

Good detail with pleasing contrast.

B.—Animals:

Unusual angle lends interest.

C.—No award.

Class II.—School life:

Natural result in posing good.

(This class could have been much better.)

HOME-COMING TO SHANGHAI

SHANGHAI is not built on the coast of China, as many people suppose. It is built several miles up a tributary of the Yangtze, the Whangpoo river. Where these rivers meet the village of Woosung is situated, guarding the river entrance; here the large ships have to wait for favorable tides, or if they arrive during the night.

Will you pretend to be with me on such a ship, returning home after some time away? She is just preparing to travel up the river to Shanghai. The pilot having come aboard, and junks and small sampans having been got out of the way by much blowing of whistles and irate gesticulations from the bridge, the propellers churn, and we move slowly into the narrow river's muddy waters.

On either side are villages, surrounded by trees and fields; dogs run along the banks barking at the small fishing boats along the side. The river bends and twists, and at each turn something new appears: charred ruins, relic of a summer five years ago; the huge Shell and Texaco plants; warehouses, wharves, and then the last bend; grey and white sky-scrapers—a long line of them—the Bund at last. Tug boats arrive, importantly blowing whistles, to ease the ship into her berth. On the other side launches arrive to take off passengers and baggage. (The Japanese do not allow foreigners to disembark at the wharves now.) We cross to the smaller craft and are carried to the Customs Jetty, a part of the Bund. Before 1937 the cutters from the warships anchored in midstream docked here, but now it is used only for civilian purposes. After a great deal of shouting on the part of coolies, and probing and questioning on the part of the customs officials, we are at last allowed out of the Iron Gates and on to the Bund itself, on to China soil—or strictly speaking, inter-national soil.

The car is there to meet us, and we get in and start on our way. The traffic is a nightmare; the Chinese chauffeur is a law unto himself, and the task of the Sikh policeman is not an easy one. To add to his difficulties, rickshaws, bicycles

and pedestrians go more-or-less where they like, with slight heed to red and green lights, unless brought sharply to order. We turn down Nanking Road, past the Cathay Hotel (bombed in '37), past huge foreign department stores, offices, banks and shops. The spire of the cathedral is over to our left; we drive on past theatres and hotels; the race-course stretches away to the left, an emerald jewel in a dirty setting.

Now we are in the "Uptown" shopping district. The streets are much wider and are bordered with shady trees. A dress salon which, before the war, showed only the latest designs from Paris, has for its neighbor an odoriferous Chinese food-shop. The most cosmopolitan city in the world really earns its name.

We pass country clubs, residential districts. Now we are at the perimeter of the International Settlement, and Japanese troops look incuriously at us as we pass. We are now in Japanese-occupied territory, in the country itself. Riders go by, out for their daily run; farmers carrying their laden vegetable baskets move out of the way. A wheel-barrow pushed by one man, carries a load of four or five giggling girls on their way to the cotton mills. Large country homes can be glimpsed through trees, walls or fences. The Hungjao Golf Club and course is on our right, the caddies and "fore" boys' green and red jackets making a bright splash of color as we pass. A polo field, where a few riders are practising or training their ponies for some future game is on our left.

Then, at last, we turn through a tall Chinese gateway and up the drive; the servants let off fire-crackers in traditional Chinese welcome. They echo and re-echo from wall to wall. Up the steps, through the hallway and out on to the terrace we go, and from there to look out on smooth green lawns, gigantic firs, smaller poplars, elms and ash trees, with splashes of color in flower beds. The dogs leap about us, barking their shrill delight at our return. England, transplanted across thousands of miles of sea and land—Home at last.

Sheila Hawkings (Grade X)

"MANKIND"

AS the man from Mars enters any Canadian city today he first sees many people going to and from work or play, wearing, most of them, good warm clothing and serene expressions on their pleasant faces, the tall buildings around them seeming but the background to this pleasing picture, and the snow-covered trees and gardens of the suburbs completing the setting and helping to create the apparently happy atmosphere.

But as the Martian comes closer to these people whom he finds are called human beings, he notices that most of them are carrying a heavy burden, not physically, but mentally, and the closer he gets the heavier the burden seems to become. Yet the picture still appears pleasant to him, for there are still the handsome buildings and lovely scenes surrounding these principal characters carrying their packs.

Now the Martian sees for the first time the ugly marks left by these burdens on the faces of men, for their eyes, which from a distance seemed serene, reflect the anguish and the tumult raging in their minds, when studied closely. These scars are not pleasant to see, for it makes their eyes appear hard and cold, and at times, unfeeling. Now all the pleasantness has disappeared from the picture, for the handsomeness of the background, and the loveliness of the setting has been blotted out by the ugliness of the scars on mankind who seems rather to limp and slump under their too heavy burdens.

The Martian feels even more pity for those humans when he realizes that war, an uncivilized war, being fought by these so-called civilized men, is the cause of their deformity, a deformity which has grown on their minds, not on their bodies. His heart aches when he sees what so many good people are enduring because of the stupidity of a few. And now he realizes the worst thing of all he has witnessed, worse than their packs, scars or deformities, worse than all that, the fact that some of these men are forgetting Christianity and its purpose. He sees that a few are doubting if there really is an

afterlife, and so these few, turned into Godless creatures, are causing all the grief.

And now, as the Martian returns to Mars with a heavy heart because of all the trouble he has seen, he wonders what is to become of mankind who, because of fear of ungodly men, have become not a happy pleasant race as intended, but rather a group of mentally overburdened and suffering people.

Shirley Potter (Grade XI)

HIS LAST DUCHESS

(With apologies to Robert Browning.)

A WOMAN sat by a window so that the last rays of the dying sun illuminated the brilliant colors of her tapestry. These same rays changed the sombre magnificence of this mediaeval bed-chamber into a gayer setting; the dark oak of the woodwork glowed and seemed to burn in that crimson light. But all the splendor of the setting faded into insignificance beside the woman's face, for it was clearly that of one who has learnt the secret of possessing inner happiness. Her features were regular, her complexion lovely, but it was not these that gave her beauty; perhaps it was the look of joy and contentment in her eyes, or the expression of harmony on her face, as if she lived at peace with herself and all mankind. The small, delicate hand lay still on the frame for a moment, and her dark eyes turned towards the window, for she was remembering the day she had come here.

She had crossed his threshold for the first time as the Duke of Ferrara's bride, almost a year ago. How happy she had been that the sun had shone on that day, as if rejoicing with her. She had been so proud, for was she not marrying a great Duke who loved her, and did not as beautiful a wedding as hers call for joy? She had been very sad when the excitement of her wedding was over, but not for long,—there was too much to delight her. Sadness was impossible among such joys as the view of the mountains from her window, the orchard when the trees

bore blossoms, the sunset and the sunrise over the dewy land, the friendship of the servants and the white mule she rode around the terrace each day. Life had been very good to her, and only the other day had her Lord given her the family jewels which she now wore. How lovely they were! But what could be troubling the Duke that he frowned and looked at her coldly so frequently now? —and to-day he had seemed to be about to speak angrily to her. Could it be that she had displeased him? Yet she had done nothing except thank the servant Guilio for the bough of ripe cherries he had brought her from the orchard; she had been so pleased. Perhaps her Lord wished to deny her such pleasures, but this was impossible since he loved her.

She was startled by the knock on the door and by the realization that night had fallen. Guilio entered bearing candles and food as usual, but tonight her attention was caught by the expression on his face of suffering and horror. His eyes, when they met hers, seemed to be beseeching forgiveness. She was too wise to ask him what was wrong, but she hoped that all would be well with the boy, she was so fond of him. She ate the food that he placed before her and drank the goblet of red wine before rising from the table. She turned to ask Guilio when the Duke might be expected, but from his petrified glance fastened upon the dregs in her goblet, she suddenly understood many things.

She rose from the table telling herself that it would not be long, for these Italian poisons were supposed to work quickly. The door opened and the Duke himself, stood there, and staring at him she at last understood the reason for this. She saw the eyes of a man tortured and torn between love and jealousy, who could not bear that anyone but himself should cause her pleasure. There was no sound except the drawing of the boy's sobbing breath. All she wished now, was that it would be quick; her life had been very happy, but the joys were fading from her memory. Then a gust of wind blew out the candles and even the moon vanished behind a

cloud. There was the sound of a body falling, and the Duke, raising his blank eyes to the window, saw a star fall swiftly through the night.

Anne Duffin (Grade XI)

GOOD NEIGHBORS

(Awarded second place in the Senior Story Competition.)

THERE is a good deal of talk going around nowadays about good neighbors and the "good neighbor policy." And it all serves to remind me of the best neighbors we ever had. It was during the first year of this present war that an incident occurred that showed us what fine courage and fine neighborliness really are. You see there was a new (or should I say middle-aged with its face lifted) house next door to ours in our old home town. You might look at it twice or you might not; it was a huge awkward structure, its front half, stucco effect, its rear half, frame. It looked as if the front half were standing guard while the rear half had fun. Something like its occupants, the Smiths, who had added the new wing to accommodate their eight children. Nice, friendly people, those Smiths—until you started questioning their background. Then the guard went up. Of course we thought this was just a characteristic common to foreigners, for of course their real name wasn't Smith—that was obvious from the accent. Behind their backs we called them "the Smithowskys," but we never could quite place the tinge of accent, and there was nothing else to betray them.

The Colonel—my father—naturally was getting himself mentally entangled by new code systems meant to insure the safety of a flight of American bombers to Canada, across the Atlantic to Britain. We always saw his desk and the floor strewn with thin yellow sheets and blue prints covered with mysterious hieroglyphics during the daytime, although at night everything went into his private safe. Naturally he was tired most of the time; Mother told us he fell asleep more than once at his desk. He never had half the fun of some of those crazy young privates

we used to meet at the Saturday night dances. People who think the top men get it easy just don't know what they're talking about. I think my father aged ten years during the first six months of the war.

Anyhow one night I remember Mother managed to drag him off to the neighborhood theatre, and the three of us, my sister, my brother, and myself went too. Andy had to be dragged because he and young Carl Smith from next door were just ready to set off on their nightly tear across the country-side on Andy's motorcycle. Andy and Carl were great pals. The show we saw was a typical Army show, and we all had a grand time, especially dad, for it was his first relaxation in months. I had not seen him so light-hearted since before the war began, nor have I seen him so light-hearted since. Well, as we all came up the road, five abreast, not caring much who saw us, suddenly dad stopped, right in the middle of that booming laugh of his that turns night into day for all of us.

"Good Lord," he said quietly, not in the manner of swearing at all, but more like a prayer.

We looked at his frowning forehead and stooped shoulders silently.

"I have left the code system to the set of blue prints for the new bombers on my desk in full view of anyone who should care to look in at the window," he said distinctly.

We never said a word, but I remember the sick shivering feeling I got in my throat when I thought of the gravity of the situation. We hurried home as quickly as we could without running. In the house dad moved quietly to his study, while the rest of us huddled near the outer door.

In a moment dad came out laughing at us. Not a thing had been touched though the window had been unlocked too! In celebration we all pitched in and had ham and cheese sandwiches with dill pickles dug out of the bottle, on the kitchen table. The night was breathless

and so were we, but we opened the kitchen window so that we might have a vision of the moon without having it filtered through pink polka dot curtains.

The Smiths were apparently enjoying a play on the radio which we could barely hear. It appeared to be some kind of a mystery play or perhaps a spy play—anyhow the Gestapo seemed to be after somebody. We heard—

"You had your chance tonight. You lost your courage. You must expect to pay dearly for your stupidity."

"But he was my friend," came a younger voice. "This country was more of a home to me than—"

"Then your family shall pay for your weakness—with their lives. But you who are more useful shall be treated more leniently," said the first voice.

Then an old voice, something in it reminding me of old Bernard Smith, only much milder, murmured:

"I am glad he has done as he has. Had it been my task I should have done the same. They are our friends, they are our neighbors. All Canada is our neighbor. We could not betray her. Ach! I am glad it is soon over."

A single click, followed by several more clicks of a revolver, then utter silence. Andy went to our set to try to tune it in, but all he could get was dance music.

"I could call out and ask Mrs. Smith what station they had," suggested mother.

"Oh, no, don't bother them, they've probably gone to bed," said dad.

So we danced instead, and my sister said, "I'm glad we didn't get that play. That Gestapo line is a bit melodramatic for me."

And we all agreed. I guess that's why it took us so long to get it through our heads in the morning.—About the "Mysterious murder of the entire Smith family, with the exception of the eldest son, Carl, who has mysteriously disappeared," I mean. It was impossible to believe

that we had listened with relish to the murder of our neighbors. And yet that was it; the young voice had been Carl's, the older one, Bernard's. But it was hard to think that Mrs. Smith would no longer lean her round, rosy-cheeked little self over the dividing fence and explain her rather odd recipes to mother, gesticulating as she talked. Or that equally round and little rosy Mr. Smith would never again offer some of his specially grown dahlias to add to the beauty of our dining-room table. Or that all those beautiful little flaxen-haired children were still for once with a bullet through each heart. All because of a war in Europe which led to secret plans and Gestapo agencies.

Of course there was a trial, our testimony being of the greatest importance. But although there was no trace of the murderer, there was also no trace of Carl. After a while the courts gave up.

And almost immediately after that dad was transferred here at his own request. That was almost three years ago. But we still remember our good neighbors the Smiths. Andy has never forgotten Carl, for we've all had a feeling he was alive somewhere.

The other night Andy and I went to a show together. In the newsreel there was a shot of some nearly frozen German officers forced to retreat from the Russian attack. The camera swept the group quickly, but one young, drawn face glared into the camera for a moment with all the agony of a man who had lived in freedom all his life but had been forced to give it up. Even after three years I knew him.

When we came out I looked at Andy's expressionless face.

"Was it—him?" I asked Andy.

"Yes it was," he said.

Norma Jukes (Grade XII)

A little girl's thank you note: "Thank you for your nice present. I always wanted a pin cushion, although not very much."

MORNING ON A MOOR

TREAD softly as you walk amongst the
heather,
Where early sun has peeped within each
bell
And lit the dewdrops on the webs of
spiders
Which hang on silver ferns with magic
spell.

For all the moor is filled with fairy
glamour,
A witching thing, elusive in its flight,
That beckons me to follow in its footsteps,
And leave behind the shadows of the night.

And whispers seem to steal across the
beauty
Of which in very truth I am a part,
For oh! the purple chimes are pealing
sweetly,
And stir the hidden secrets of my heart.

Dorothy Petrie (Grade XII)

SHORT STORY AND POETRY COMPETITIONS

MISS Doris Hunt, M.A., kindly undertook the adjudication of our junior and senior short story and poetry competition for which thirteen stories and thirteen poems were entered.

Miss Hunt's general comment was, "I am very much impressed by the quality of the entries as a whole. Rupert's Land is setting a very high standard of creative writing. The results seem to point to one conclusion: the writers achieve the greatest success who write out of their own experience, and when they avoid the exotic and melodramatic."

The following awards were made:—

Junior Short Story

1. Patricia Gladstone: "A Dose of Realism."
 2. Betty Calvert: "Forty Winks."
- Honorable Mention, Patricia Chesshire:
"Burpee vs. Entwhistle."

Junior Poem

1. Mary Mills: "A Canadian Soldier Abroad Thinks of Home."
2. Amber Bebbington: "When Spring-time Comes."

Senior Short Story

1. Marilyn McIvor: "Sweet? Sixteen."
 2. Norma Jukes: "Good Neighbors."
- Honorable Mention, Joan Adamson: "As Homer Went North."

Senior Poem

1. Murdina MacKay: "The Idiot."
2. Norma Jukes: "Britain's Leader."

(The Editors regret that there is space to print only a limited number of the items which received awards.)

Our grateful thanks are due to Miss Hunt, not only for her thoughtful adjudication, but also for the helpful criticism which she wrote for each entry; we are reproducing her comments on the articles which gained first places.

(First Prize, junior story.)

A DOSE OF REALISM

"A MYSTERY story!" I exclaimed when our teacher gave us just such a tale to write before next lesson. "Why, I'll never be able to do a thing like that." Of course this latter comment was strictly sotto voice. Naturally, however, there was nothing for it but to sit down and write the wretched thing. So sit down I did but not for long.

I had decided after endless minutes of staring at a blank page to follow some suspicious character in the hope he could lead me to some adventure which I could relate with pen and ink. Thinking back upon it, it does seem a foolish stunt, but then, perhaps, it is excusable considering my frame of mind. My first opportunity to carry out my plot came on the following day. I was sitting in a street car and across the aisle sat an elderly man, shabbily dressed, but wearing what was certainly an expensive gold wristwatch. He seemed an excellent guinea-pig for my experiment, and so when he rang the bell at his stop I hastened to do the same and alighted just behind him. He entered a large department store and mingled with the other customers, speaking to one or two salesgirls. Eventually he made his way to a deserted glove counter. Meanwhile I pretended to be absorbed in

scanning some junk jewellery at a near-by stand, but in reality I was watching him intently in a mirror, conveniently located. I saw the man lift a pair of gloves, try them on, give a nod of satisfaction and walk away and put them in his pocket.

"Ah-ha," thought I dramatically, "the plot thickens. What a swell story. Teacher'll love this!"

"Hey, you!" I called, pointing an accusing finger at the retreating figure, "What are you doing? You're a thief!"

Following my startling revelation there was an astounded silence. Then all of a sudden bedlam broke loose. People thundered past me hot in pursuit. I had not expected such an occurrence, but nevertheless I took it in my stride, or perhaps I should say three strides, for, not to be outdone, I quickly pushed through the crowd and threw myself on the heels of the gentleman with the criminal tendencies. As I did so a tiny clipped moustache which he had been wearing fell to the ground revealing the angry countenance of Mr. Pennybroke, the store-owner.

"Oh," I managed to say as if I had just been strangled, "oh"—this time, despite all my efforts, it ended in a sort of shuddering wail. I seemed to be enveloped in a filmy grey mist. Vainly, I tried to still my stomach which felt as if it were on the warpath, and at the same time attempted to pull my head down out of the clouds and screw it on more firmly. This accomplished I felt infinitely better and also was in time to hear Mr. Pennybroke state that he had merely been in his own store to check up on his employees and the service they rendered.

Upon reaching home I was violently ill but I recovered only to have a relapse, when, the following week, the teacher's one comment upon my latest literary attempt was: "Not realistic!"

Patricia Gladstone (Grade IX)

(Comment: The cleverest touch of "A Dose of Realism" is the realism,—not the central incident but the framework. The incident of the pseudo-shoplifter is trite enough, but the realistic setting gives us a glimpse into the character of a "real" schoolgirl.)

(First Prize, junior poem.)

A CANADIAN SOLDIER ABROAD THINKS OF HOME

MEM'RIES of home are bittersweet,
The maples shading every street,
And fields that meet the sky,
The mountains purple in the dusk,
The bogs, their sweetish smell of musk,
A scent no price can buy.

As now I sit on desert sand,—
Its heat a horrid blist'ring brand,—
I think of lakes back there.
Of beaches, white with frothy spume,
The smouldering pine-knots' sweet perfume,
The home I long to share.

But now I hear a bugle call
To start the hardest fight of all,
To leave my dreams of home.
We're struggling here to beat the Hun,
For peace and freedom bravely won,
Se we no more shall roam.

Mary Mills (Grade IX)

Comment: The last line is a bit lame, but the poem, apart from this fault, is of sustained excellence. It is packed with details that are truly poetic in their suggestion. The writer is definitely on the right track in using observed and characteristic details to express her Canadianism.

(First Prize, senior story.)

SWEET ? SIXTEEN

S TINKY Brown's excuse for a car was screeching impatiently outside in the driveway, but I didn't give two hoots, for I was busy elevating the zipper of my second-best skirt. I finally got it up and turned to view my bulging self in the mirror, 'n practically swooned, for there I was looking for all the world like my Mom's plum-pudding bowl, or the bumpy "before" of a girdle "ad." I hauled out my almost white pullover, and tugged it over my snaggy mop of hair hoping against hope that its concealing lines would do the trick; next I whipped on that super pair of plaid socks I spent my last dime on, down at Dowson's store just this morning, slipped my feet into my none-too-clean

saddle-shoes, hurriedly ran a comb through my hair, grabbed my camel's hair coat, tore through the door, slid down the banisters and right down the front walk.

In about two seconds flat I was vaulting over the side of Clarabel" the jalopy, who was now sporting a dilly new coat of pink and purple paint. I plunked my very unsatisfactory hind end down beside Chubby Gibson who stopped beating out on his new trap and snare drums long enough to mutter, "Hi, Drool." Stinky twisted his crew cut slightly to the right and gave me a filthy look.

"Hm,—"thought you might have been shedding a few of those things called pounds in the three or four hours we've been warming your driveway, Small Fry!"

I leaned forward and said, "You're so full of hot air it's a wonder gravity can hold you down,"—but it didn't give me any satisfaction, 'cause in my heart I knew I could lose ten or twelve pounds before I'd have anything that could be called a shape.

We stopped to pick up Tootsie Graham, my best friend and sole confidante, who greeted us with "Great Goat! Cut off my legs and call me Shorty if I didn't see Slush Manahan heating the sidewalk; say, isn't that one up for the ole war? First thing that's ever got Slush to even sleep away from that snazzy convertible of his!"

By the time we had finished enlarging on this and other tales of "Snooty ole Slush" we arrived at Pete Campbell's; Pete was throwing a super jam session for his cousin from the East. Chubby leaped over me with his drums and Stinky hopped out with his sax.

"No manners," confided Tootsie.

"I hear you talking," I agreed, pretending we weren't even aware of the conversation being carried on in front of us.

"What woman's Joey dragging tonight?" asked Chub."

"That new girl, the one that's staying here."

"You mean Yvonne Rogers? — Tasty name, Yvonne."

"That's no dream—seen her?"

"Um. What's she worth?"

"Counts a hundred,—anyway you add it up! Little, smart, cut out like a cookie,—sure I'd say a hundred."

Well, it went on and on, and Tootsie and I got more and more uncomfortable. Finally we got to the door; the whole gang were whooping it up. The Groan Box was grinding out a mean version of "The Jersey Bounce," and everyone was cutting a sharp rug.

"Swing it, Superman,—this way to the Stratosphere." With this Joey and a little fair-haired girl started swinging out in our direction. I guessed at once that this must be Yvonne, and although my heart landed with a thud in the region of my appendix. I smiled sweetly and murmured, "but colossal—another girl!" I was fully prepared to see Chub swell up like a proud peacock when she spoke to him, but I certainly didn't expect his face to glow like a big fire-cracker on the twenty-fourth of May, nor did I suspect that Tootsie and I would be left stranded, one on each side of Stinky and his ear-splitting trombone, but we were. We stood there for about an hour watching little Smarty Pants and my exclusive hep round the floor. Finally I couldn't stand it any longer, so I poked Tootsie and we escaped from the ghoulish room and wandered around the house in search of the ping-pong table. (It used to be right next to the playroom until the boys' voices started changing.) We finally found it, and saw that a couple of drips, utterly hopeless cases, were vainly batting the ball around; Tootsie yelled, "Out, braves, this is our pow-wow," and they beat it like a couple of scared rabbits. We picked up the paddles and went to work; we're both really axey at this game, so we started in earnest. I didn't look up again until we had finished the game and then, to my great surprise, I observed little Glamour Puss with her arms wound gracefully around poor Chubby, watching us with that great, big, innocent stare that anyone would be a positive droop to take seriously.

"Watcha drooping down here for, Goopy?" Chub inquired, but I just gave

him a withering glance, walked over and offered my paddle to Yvonne with more poise than I thought I could muster. Well, it turned out to be the right move to make; little Smarty Pants strutted up to the table as if she owned it, served, and to her surprise and everyone else's she missed the ball. This was enough to disgust Chub; he turned round and looked at me until my heart unwound itself from around my digestive system and shot back up into place.

"Come on, Goopy, let's drift down to Joe's for a banana split."

With this my heart started playing tag with my tonsils as Chubby wandered out with not so much as a backward glance at little Smarty Pants.

About half-an-hour later we were sitting around the big table in Joe's eating. I had the remains of a chocolate float in front of me, and was just putting the finishing touches to a super chocolate sundae with almonds, when little Glamour Puss marched in dragging after her a very disgusted Joey. She headed straight for our table, for I had attracted her attention by gasping; she leaned over and smiled at me the way one girl does when she hates another. I didn't say anything, I just looked across the remains of my chocolate sundae with almonds, and smiled at Tootsie who winked knowingly back at me. At this moment life was so deliciously elegant that I made up my mind that I would never worry about another woman, or my figure, or my hair, or because Mom wouldn't let me wear much lipstick, or high heels, or why I was born with straight brown, instead of curly golden hair, or any of the other things which had been making my life positively disturbing this evening.

Marilyn McIvor (Grade XII)

Comment: "Sweet? Sixteen" is delightfully racy in its language and characterization. I am glad this writer also submitted "A Nightmare" so that I should know that she does speak English when occasion demands it.

(First Prize, senior poem.)

THE IDIOT

I strive, I toil, I labour long
But all, all in vain,
For unseen forces thwart the thoughts
That fester in my brain.

My brain? They say that none have I,
An idiot, stupid, dumb.
I think—a process slow and hard,
But all my mind seems numb

As if I grope through misty ways
Studded with rocks to trip.
My struggling feet go wandering on
And then, once more, they slip.

The paths are dark, the going hard,
The end that I attain
Is just a wall. Then sad I turn
To start right in again.

Again I push through murky mists
Heavy, dense, but 'ere
I reach the light, another wall
Leaves me bewildered there.

Bewildered, lost, by most men scorned,
An idiot, stupid, dumb,
I think—a process tedious, long—
But all my thoughts are numb.

Murdina MacKay (Grade XII)

Comment: Murdina MacKay's three entries show versatility of mood and willingness to experiment with rhythms. She also exhibits

taste in her assorting of rhythm to theme. In "The Idiot" she manages to project herself into an entirely different mentality—no easy task. I liked her transition from stanza to stanza, and the tendency to "clip the wings" of the verse each time the image or the rhythm tended to become extended, as ideas seem to beat the walls of the idiot's brain but not to pierce them.

A floor walker, tired of his job, gave it up and joined the police force. Several months later a friend asked him how he liked being a policeman.

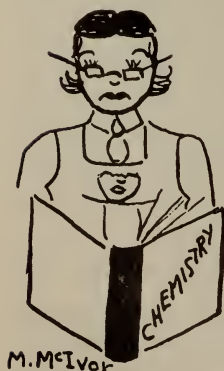
"Well," he replied, "the pay and the hours are good, but what I like best of all is that the customer is always wrong."

Money isn't everything—just a reasonable facsimile of some.

The epitome of Lincoln hero worship is reported by Professor Helen White of the University of Wisconsin. "Abraham Lincoln," wrote one of her freshmen, "was born in a log cabin which he built with his own hands."

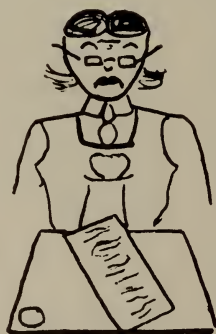
Dorothy Parker was bored by a talkative actress who hadn't a part for years. "I simply can't think of leaving the theatre," the woman gurgled, "I'm wedded to it."

"Then," retorted Miss Parker, "why not sue it for nonsupport?"



M. McIvor

Cram!



Exam!

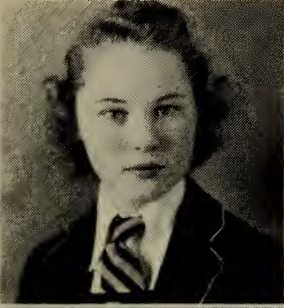


Relief!

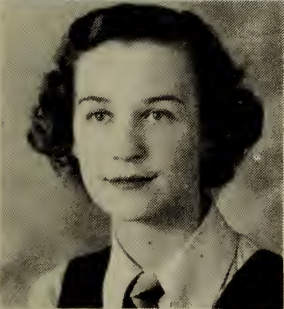


Grief!

GRADE XII GRADUATES



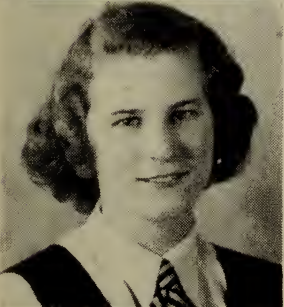
Kaye Milner. Although Kaye is one of the smallest members of grade twelve, she makes an excellent head girl. Kaye, who is very active in sports, sets a good example in sportsmanship for everyone to follow. She is such an important person that there is a whole page devoted to her, near the beginning of this book.



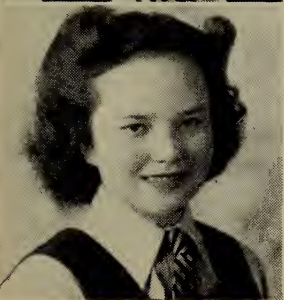
Nan Pain. Nan came to us this year from Melville, Saskatchewan. As a member of Matheson House she is interested in sports, and takes an active part in them. She was on the grade twelve basketball team; she also figure-skates and plays tennis well. Nan sewed in the Home Economics class and modelled in the Fashion Show. Being interested in small children, she helps in the kindergarten in some of her spare periods. Nan is undecided about her next year's course, but we wish her every success in whatever she undertakes.



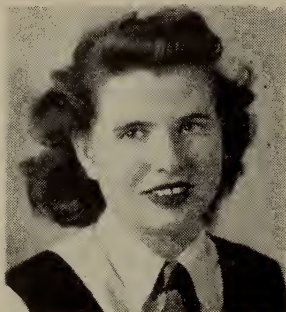
Dorothy Petrie came to Rupert's Land in 1940. "Pete" is interested in all school activities being Machray House prefect, a business manager of the year book and head of the salvage committee. She was the director of the Machray House play; an active member of the Literary Club, she excels at writing poetry and is good in all English subjects. She is fond of all sports especially tennis. Although she is not quite sure yet as to what she will be doing next year, her ambition is to become a nurse.



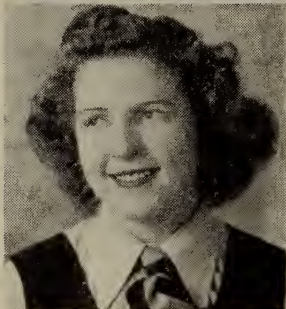
Monica Powell. "Hook" came to us this year from Minnedosa Collegiate where she was a member of the student council and year book committee. Monica is very fond of sports; she played on the Jones House team in the badminton matches; she skates (both ways); she loves swimming but enjoys boating better. Monica's hobby is reading books, mainly Ralph Connor's. As treasurer of the Red Cross branch in Grade XII, she showed her interest in war-work. Monica plans to take an Arts course and eventually to become a very good teacher; our heartiest good wishes go with her in all she undertakes.



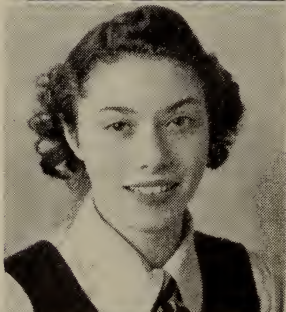
Edith Sanderson. Edith came to Rupert's Land to take her Grade XII after completing her junior Matriculation at Kenora High School. Her sports are swimming and skating, and she does both well; as a member of Jones House she played on the volley-ball team. Dressed as a baby, Edith was selected as "Miss Rupert's Land" at our Initiation party in the fall. Because of her cheerful disposition and wonderful sense of humor, Edith is well liked by all the girls. Everyone wishes her the best of luck in the Home Economics course which she plans to take next year at the University of Manitoba.



Velva Ellis. Last fall Velva came from Sherridon where she won several competitions in the Music Festival for her lovely singing voice. She is an excellent bowler and enjoys skating and badminton; her favorite subjects are physics and chemistry. Velva was in the winning play, Matheson's "Thirty Minutes in a Street," in which she handled her comedy role with a great deal of ability. Velva's ambition is to be a nurse, although her plans for next year are unsettled as yet.



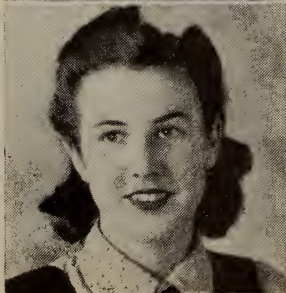
Betty Flewelling, one of grade twelve's most enterprising students came to us this fall from Sperling, Manitoba, where she completed her Junior Matriculation. Betty has consistently maintained her A average throughout the year. Besides this Betty is a young lady of literary ability and is a firm believer in the statement "A work of art is always accompanied by a rise in temperature"; perhaps it is because of her red hair and green eyes. She dabbles in art of various sorts and especially enjoys playing the piano and knitting "purple creations." Excelling in curling and baseball, she was also on the grade twelve basketball team. Betty intends to take a business course next fall.



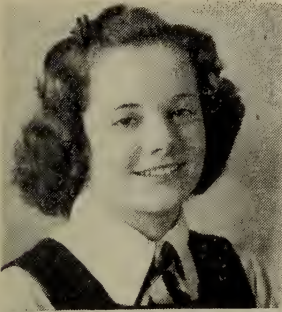
Winnie Jacques. Winnie came to R. L. S. this year from Swan River Collegiate where she was a member of the student council and class editor. Winnie is a member of Dalton House and the baby of grade twelve. She is an excellent skater and also enjoys swimming—in fact she takes an active part in all school sports. Photography is Winnie's favorite hobby, but she also finds time to enjoy music and she loves to read; her favorite subject is History. We wish her the best of luck in her Normal School course next year.



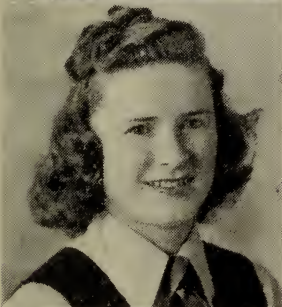
Norma Jukes is a Rupertslander of three years standing having come to "Rupe" in 1939 for grade ten. She is now secretary of Matheson House and Senior Editor of the year book. She took part in the winning play, "Thirty Minutes in a Street," and has taken an active part in the literary club this year and last. She is fond of all sports especially swimming and hiking. Norma is interested in music and hopes to get her A.T.C.M. in the not too distant future; another hobby is photography. Norma hopes to major in English, her favorite subject, in her Arts' course next year.



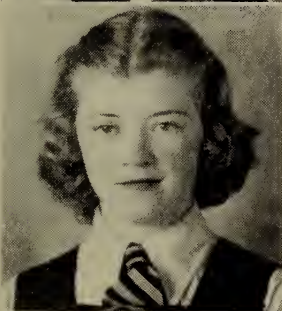
Betty Lloyd. Betty came to us from Kenville, Manitoba, to take her Grade XII. She is keen on, and takes an active part in most sports; as a member of Dalton House she took part in many house competitions. Betty is very musical, and often plays the piano for the boarders' recreation. She has the distinction of being the only grade twelver to lose her appendix this year! Betty's ever-ready smile and laughing disposition have won her many friends. Betty plans to take a business course in the city next year.



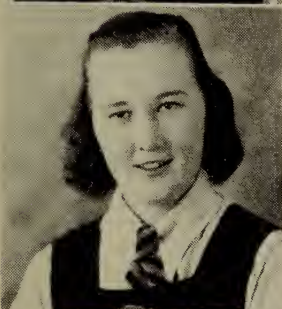
Marguerite Lofthouse. Little "Miss Dark Eyes" from Kenora is an important part of the Lofthouse-MacPherson trio; her favorite boasts are a twin sister and a pair of socks she knitted all by herself. Peggy has occasional eruptions over Chemistry and Latin, but she is invariably good-natured, and it is seldom that you find her without a smile on her face. The fact that Peggy was elected form president is a proof that she had gained the confidence and friendship of the girls. Peggy's plans for next year are as yet unsettled.



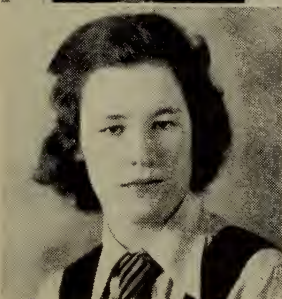
Joanne MacPherson came to Rupert's Land from Regina this year to complete her grade twelve course. Joan is a member of the University Symphony Orchestra in which she plays the 'cello, besides being a member of the Winnipeg Winter Club. She is interested in all sports, being especially outstanding in gym and badminton. In her spare time she skates and designs and makes clothes, this being her favorite pastime. In the fashion show Joanne modelled a blue suit which she made herself. Besides knitting while she is working, Joanne is forever writing letters. She hopes next year to take Home Economics at Aimes, Iowa, and we wish her every success in this course.



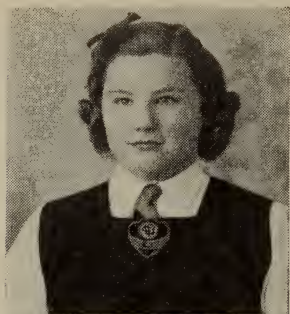
Marilyn McIvor is captain of Dalton House this year. She came to "Rupe" in 1935 and on completion of her grade twelve this year she plans to study science at the University of Manitoba. Marilyn has a great deal of artistic ability being very clever in English and dramatics. She is also interested in singing, figure skating and swimming, and spends a great deal of her spare time at the Winter Club taking part in her favorite sports. Marilyn has been a very helpful person on the school council, capably carrying out her duties. Good luck McIvor!



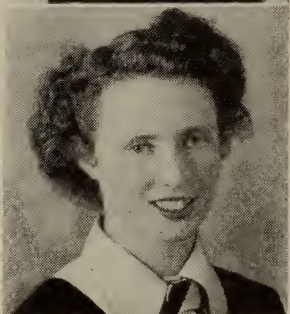
Murdina MacKay. Murdina has spent two years at R. L. S., during which time she has made many friends and been associated with many school activities. She is Dalton House secretary, an interested and active member of the Literary Society and a successful poet. Murdina is a talented pianist, and is working for her A.T.C.M. in the near future. She plans to study medicine at the Medical College, following her father's profession, and we wish her success in all her future undertakings.



Eithne Mills. Eithne came from Saskatoon to spend a year at Rupert's Land where her happy nature has won for her many friends. Eithne is interested in all sports, tennis being her favorite; during the inter-house badminton competition she played for Jones House. Her perseverance and good sportsmanship deserve success, and we wish her all kinds of it in the Home Economics course which she intends to take next year at the University of Saskatchewan.



Mary Lou Bell came to Rupert's Land in 1934; in 1939 she went to King's Hall, Compton, P.Q., for a year, returning to "Rupe" in 1940. She has been a Matheson House prefect for the past year, and played a hilarious role in the Matheson House play. Mary Lou loves outdoor life, and is especially fond of riding. She is planning to take a physiotherapy course at Toronto "U." We know that "Bell" will be a success!



Sheila Daniel. Sheila is our curly-headed "rancher" from Lethbridge, Alberta. In addition to her love of the great open spaces, Sheila is a good all-round student. This tall, merry girl is a great sports enthusiast; she is especially keen on basketball, horse-back riding, skating and cycling. Sheila was a member of the Grade XII basketball team, and also of the Machray House team. With her bicycle she has covered many miles; she has gone on many hostel tours which have taken her to Banff, Jasper and Seattle. As to the future, Sheila is thinking of joining the Land Army. Well, best luck Sheila in any path you decide to take!



Betty Speed. Betty from Norwood Collegiate is the quietest member of grade twelve. Her favorite past-time is playing the piano, and cycling is the sport in which she is most interested. Betty is an enthusiastic Guide, and has obtained her Gold Cord, the highest proficiency award to be won by a Girl Guide. As for next year, Betty hopes to take a comptometer course which will enable her to continue in the study of her favorite subject, mathematics.

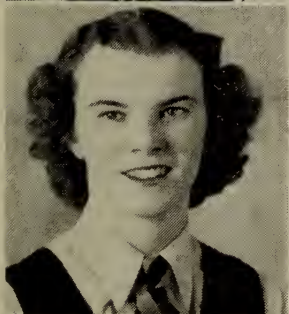


Irene Williams. Irene is one of Rupert's Land's tall grade twelve boarders, commonly known as "sleepy-head," who came from Pine Falls two years ago to finish her last year at school. Irene is a member of Jones House and takes great interest in school activities; she is a member of the Literary Society. In her free time Irene loves to sit down at the piano and play, or pick out new pieces with one finger. She plans to go to North Bay next year, to take a Normal course. We all wish her the best of luck, and are quite sure she will succeed.

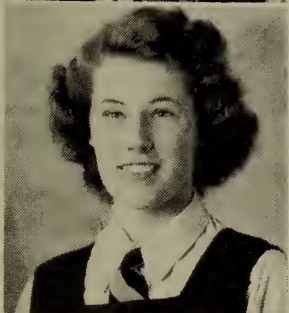
GRADE XI GRADUATES



Joan Adamson is the last of the four Adamsons to graduate from Rupert's Land. She came to us in grade one and is now a prefect in Jones House, and a member of the Literary Society for which she debated earlier in the year. Joan takes art and is much interested in music and short story writing. She is head of the photography for this magazine and also sings in her church choir. Next year is a big problem as yet, but we wish Joan luck in whatever she undertakes.



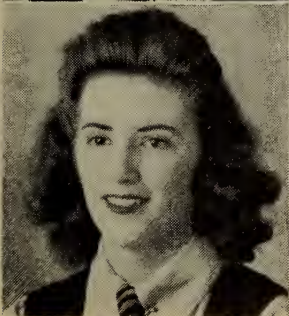
Mary Bays came to Rupert's Land for grade ten from Portage la Prairie but has since moved to Brandon. A member of Machray House, she is a very good cook and can always be relied upon to give help to those who need it. Mary is a Girl Guide and junior sports captain of her house. We hope to have her back again for grade twelve.



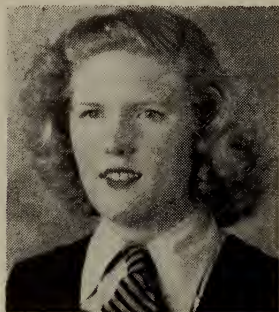
Laurel Bell has gone all the way through Rupert's Land, having started in grade one at the ripe old age of seven. She is very enthusiastic about sports, being a member of the first basketball team for the last three years, and this year was elected sports captain of Matheson House. Laurel is a member of the Literary Society, a librarian, and was on the magazine advertising committee. She has a flare for the dramatic and took a leading part in her house play. When she leaves school Laurel would like to join an auxiliary Naval service.



Barbara Bonnick is a member of the school council and a prefect in Dalton House. She came to Rupert's Land in grade ten from Robert H. Smith School, and since then her keen sense of humor has made her a part of the school. Barb is interested in debating and was elected to debate against Riverbend School. Next year Barbara plans to go to University.



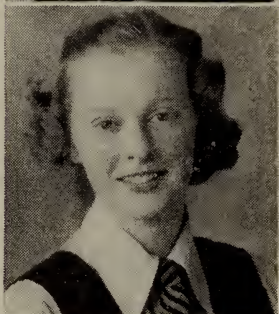
Venetta Booth is the eldest of the three Booth girls attending Rupert's Land, and came to us in grade five. She is secretary of Jones House, a member of the Literary Society and sings in her church choir. Venetta took a leading part in her house play. At the moment her ambition is to become a nurse.



Christine Bridgett came to Rupert's Land at the beginning of last year from her home in Dauphin. She is the possessor of a happy, frank nature, and also has nimble fingers which create wonders in Home Economics. Chris is in Jones House and next year plans to come back to grade twelve.



Jean Brice came all the way from Kingston and has taken grades ten and eleven at Rupert's Land. Jean takes Home Economics as she likes to cook and sew, and in her spare time likes to bowl. She always has a ready smile and joke for her many friends; next year Jean would like to join the Army.



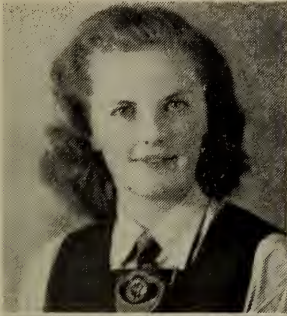
Shirley Claydon has been with us since grade six and is now captain of Jones House. A valued member of the second basketball team, she takes part in many other sports, and is social convenor of the Literary Society. Shirley has a particularly happy nature, and when she has completed her schooling would like to be a Naval Nursing Sister.



Lois Cuff came to Rupert's Land from Brandon for grade ten. Cuffie is in Matheson House, and with her agile brain made an ideal producer for the play which won the school competition. Lois has a great deal of literary ability and in addition she is good in all sports. When she graduates, Lois wants to take an Arts Course at the University or be a ferry pilot.



Anne Cunningham is one of the old timers of the school, having come to us straight from Texas for grade two. Now, ten years later, she is the captain of Machray House, a member of the first basketball team, and active in many other sports, especially riding for which she has her own horse. Anne is also very artistic, and is in charge of the art for this magazine; her literary ability makes her a valued member of the Literary Society of which she is the treasurer. After she graduates, Anne would like to become a member of the Forces.



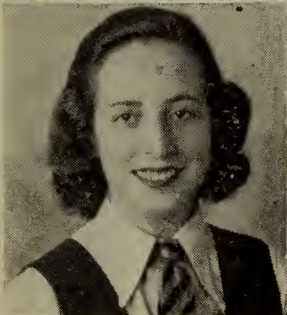
Lois Dagliesh is a real westerner, having come from Banff, Alberta, in grade seven, although she now lives in Winnipeg. A valued guard on the first basketball team, she is a member of Matheson House and took part in their play. She likes dancing and gym; as yet she has no idea what she will do next year.



Anne Duffin came to Rupert's Land in grade ten from England, and since then has taken part in all school activities. A prefect in Jones House, she is a member of the Literary Society, a patrol leader in the Guide Company, and in addition to all this found time at the beginning of the year to produce the house play. Anne possesses a fine singing voice, takes dancing and is an editor of the magazine. She will probably be back with us for grade twelve, and then hopes to continue training for journalism.



Frances Earl, one of our boarders from Saskatoon, came to Rupert's Land in grade nine. A member of Dalton House, Fran is very artistic, and likes to dabble in oil painting. A member of the Literary Society and a good knitter, she is very fond of P.T. and basketball. Next year she wants to take a business course.



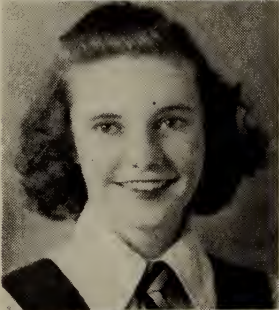
Jocelyn Fisher is a school granddaughter and came to Rupert's Land kindergarten. She is a prefect of Dalton House, takes dancing and is interested in music, especially classical. Jocelyn did a great deal of work in connection with this magazine, as she was assistant business manager and was on the advertising committee. She has a first-rate match-cover collection and also collects records. When she finishes school, Joey would like to be a nurse, possibly beginning her studies in that line with a year of pre-medicine.



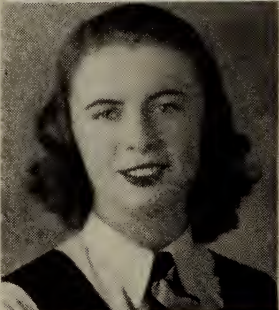
Phillis Goulding, a Fort Garryite, and the second of three Goulding sisters to come to Rupert's Land, started in grade eight. She is now sports captain of Dalton House, having always been enthusiastic about sports . . . she plays championship badminton, and played in the Manitoba competitions. Goldie is a member of the second basketball team, and also a member of the Literary Society and is on the advertising committee for the magazine. Next year she plans to take a science course at the University.



Isabelle Hamon, a Matheson House prefect and a member of the first basketball team, came to Rupert's Land in grade seven. In addition to being one of the most up-and-coming girls in the class, Ibby takes part in all sports, she came third in the gym competition, is a member of the Literary Society and is one of the advertising heads for the magazine. Aside from all her school work she finds time to sing in her Church choir and take the occasional horseback ride. Next year Isabelle expects to go into Home Economics at the U. of M.



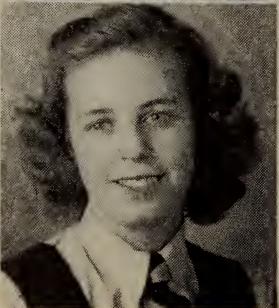
Jocelyn Highmoor, a Junior lieutenant in Dalton House, came to Rupert's Land in grade nine. She belongs to the Literary Society and is also a librarian. Jocelyn is one of the school badminton aces having played for years at the Wildwood Club. Next year she expects to be back for grade twelve and then would like to take an Arts Course at the University with the ultimate aim of becoming a newspaper reporter.



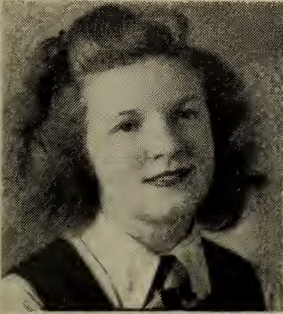
Jeanne Johnson came to Rupert's Land at the beginning of this year from her home which is in Kenora, Ontario. She is a member of Matheson House, takes Home Economics and is good at sewing. Among Jeanne's extra-curriculum activities are skating at the Winter Club, and dancing at which she also excels. When she graduates, she would like to take a Home Economics course at the University.



Mary Lofthouse came from Kenora at the beginning of the year with her twin sister Peggy. She is blessed with a wonderful sense of humor and has a lovely singing voice. Good at sports, Mary is a substitute on the second basketball team, takes Home Economics and is a member of the Literary Society and of the Machray House.



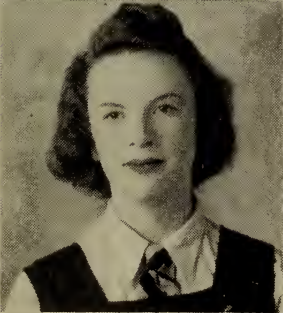
Lola Marson, the captain of Matheson House, came to Rupert's Land in grade six. She takes an active interest in all sports, particularly basketball, as she is a member of the first team, is an excellent gymnast, is head of the advertising committee for this magazine and belongs to the Literary Society. Good at acting and impersonating, Lola took a lead in the Matheson House play and helped her house win the competition. Next year she will probably take a business course.



Corrinne Mitchell, a newcomer this year, came for grade eleven from Kelvin Technical High School. A member of Machray House, Corrinne is very musical, and next year plans to continue her studies in that subject and possibly go to University. In her spare time Corrinne likes to go bowling.



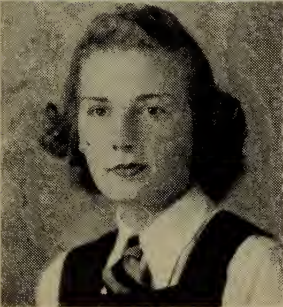
Sylvia Peker, a member of Jones House, came to Rupert's Land from St. John's Technical High School two years ago. Sylvia is particularly interested in political science and sociology, and when she has finished her schooling she would like to take a course in social service. She has two hobbies, interior decorating and photography, and she has taken numerous candid camera shots of the girls of the school. Sylvia won first and second place in the Photography Competition.



Shirley Potter, formerly head girl at Oxford High School, joined us late in the first term of last year. Her vivacious and witty nature soon won the friendship of all the girls, and we hope to have her back for grade twelve next year. Shirley skates and plays badminton at the Winter Club and has a special fondness for collecting jazz records. She is undecided as yet, as to what she will do when she graduates, but would like to go to university. She is a member of Machray House.



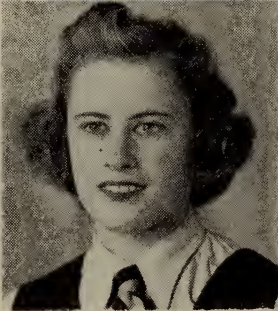
Beverly Robinson came to Rupert's Land from Kelvin Technical High School last September. She does a great amount of knitting and even with all her school work manages to produce lovely sweaters and socks. She takes dancing and is a member of Jones House.



Lillian Ruttan came to Rupert's Land in grade nine, and soon took her place in the life of her class. She is a prefect of Machray House and co-editor of the magazine. Lillian's favorite sport is riding and she has a special fondness for racing and race horses. When she finishes her schooling at Rupe she plans to become a pharmacist.



Maureen Sharman came to us from Kelvin Technical High School last year to take her Grade eleven course at Rupert's Land. She takes dancing but her real forte is knitting at which she excels . . . her sweaters are quite superlative. Mo is undecided as to what she will do next year but would like to be a nurse.



Margaret Tomkins can barely remember first entering the portals of Rupert's Land, in kindergarten. Tink is school sports captain and, automatically, a prefect for her house which is Machray. She plays basketball on the first team, is a librarian, and secretary of the Literary Society. Without Tinker the Guide Company will be lost, as she is a patrol leader and is working for her gold cord. She is also the champion war-knitter of the class and manages to produce sweaters and socks in abundance. Next year Margaret plans to return for grade twelve.

AUTOGRAPHS

FAREWELLS

WE were very sorry to say goodbye to Miss Graham at Easter; after a year of increasing ill-health she felt the need of a holiday, and we hope that she will soon feel the benefit of the sunshine of British Columbia. Her many friends have missed her, and particularly the Guides and the boarders.

Miss Dubois has reluctantly decided that she must leave us to undertake special war-work, and she will begin her training in factory inspection next July. During her four years in the School as class teacher of Grade V and VI, Miss Dubois has made many friends, all of whom join in wishing her every success in her new undertaking.

After seven years as Kindergarten teacher, Miss Armitage is leaving us to be nearer her family who are now in the east. As teacher of singing and music appreciation in the junior and middle schools, and especially in connection with the Glee

Club, Miss Armitage has contributed much to the musical side of school life. There will be many occasions in the future when we shall remind one another of the pleasure she used to give us with her beautiful singing, and we hope that she will often think of us too.

An even older friend who is leaving us is Mrs. Rumbal who for nine years has been Dietitian, household manager and teacher of Home Economics at Rupert's Land. No party was ever too much trouble for Mrs. Rumbal to plan, and wonderful fancy dishes and birthday cakes appeared as if by magic on all festive occasions. If you notice a Rupert's Land girl wearing a particularly attractive outfit, you will probably find that it has been planned and made under Mrs. Rumbal's guidance. We are very glad that she is not leaving the city altogether, and hope that she will often come to see us from her new home at the University Women's Club.

ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Executive 1941-42

HONORARY MEMBER.....	Miss Millard
HONORARY PRESIDENT.....	Miss Bartlett
PRESIDENT	Mrs. P. V. Torrance
1ST VICE-PRESIDENT.....	Miss Audrey Fisher
2ND VICE-PRESIDENT..	Miss Madeline Taylor
3RD VICE-PRESIDENT.....	Miss K. Robinson
SECRETARY	Miss Jocelyn Richardson
TREASURER	Mrs. G. Simmonds

ADVISORY BOARD

Mrs. Kenneth Laidlaw	Mrs. Wm. Busby
Miss Mary Campbell	Miss Mary Carmichael
Miss Ruth Monk	Miss Bunny Agnew
Miss Cynthia Bennest	Miss Mary Tomkins
Miss Patricia Chown	Miss Frances Hunt

IT was with great pleasure this year that we welcomed Mrs. P. V. Torrance as President of the Alumnae Association, and under her expert guiding influence we have completed a very successful year.

The first activity of the year was a

dance held at the School on 21st November with Claude Turner's orchestra. Mrs. Arthur Johnston was convenor and with a few new ideas this year and more enthusiastic committees, the dance was a great success. Our profit, the best yet,

was \$171.05, and Mrs. Johnston and her committee are to be congratulated on their splendid work and accomplishments.

Next on our programme was the Annual Luncheon which was again held at Hudson's Bay Store, 28th February. This is always a happy re-union for the Old Girls, and as usual, over 100 girls returned to renew school friendships. Mrs. Gordon Konantz was our guest speaker and her talk was on salvage. Little we knew of the fine work the Salvage Corps is doing until we heard from Mrs. Konantz. There are many committees all with their own little jobs to attend to and the results obtained are unbelievable. From old rubbers and rubber-boots, etc., they collected seven tons of rubber, and they have equipped eight mobile units. In the past year, they have sold \$90,000 worth of salvage which is no longer regarded as waste.

Friday the 13th in the month of March

was a bad day for the Old Girls but not quite as bad as it might have been. The "Old Girls vs. Present Girls" basket-ball game was held at the School but the School's first team was just a little too good for us, but we are improving because we managed to out-score their second team by about one basket so maybe next year we will win both games! (We hope.)

The Alumnae Scholarship last year was awarded to Mary Bays and the C. M. Holditch Memorial Scholarship to Ainslie Lee and we wish them continued success in their studies at School.

Letters were sent out by the Executive to members of the Alumnae Association, at the request of the Women's Board, asking for donations for certain immediate repairs and towards the up-keep of the School and it is hoped that the response to these letters was a benefit for the School.



REMEMBER

that

THE RED CROSS SOCIETY

is a Friend

to Air-raid Victims in Britain

as well as

to the Boys in the Services



*Studio Portraits
of Merit*

- ALL BRANCHES OF PHOTOGRAPHY
- COMMERCIAL PHOTOS
- RELIABLE FILM SERVICE

**Meyers
Studios Ltd.**

Largest Photographic Organization in Canada

• 224 Notre Dame •

PHONE
96 647

Compliments of

THE
TOOLEY GRAIN CO.
LIMITED

Grain Brokerage

304-310 GRAIN EXCHANGE BUILDING

WINNIPEG, MAN.

PHONE - 98 339




MEMBERS

The Winnipeg Grain Exchange
The Winnipeg Grain and Produce Exchange Clearing Association
The Chicago Board of Trade
The Winnipeg Board of Trade

Melady, Sellers & Co.

LIMITED



STOCKS
BONDS
GRAIN
●
MINES
OILS

GRAIN EXCHANGE BUILDING

WINNIPEG

- - -

PHONES 96 471-5

The **BAY** has a wide
selection of
RUPERT'S LAND Uniforms

Wool Serge Tunic	- - - - -	6.50
Silk Broadcloth Blouse	- - - - -	1.59
Wool Flannel Blazer	- - - - -	5.50
Felt Hats, two styles	- - - - -	2.50
Wool Serge Shorts	- - - - -	3.50
Lady Hudson Brogues	- - - - -	5.50

Second Floor

Wool and Lisle Knee Hose	- - - - -	.59
--------------------------	-----------	-----

Main Floor

10

 **Hudson's Bay Company.** 
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.